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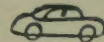
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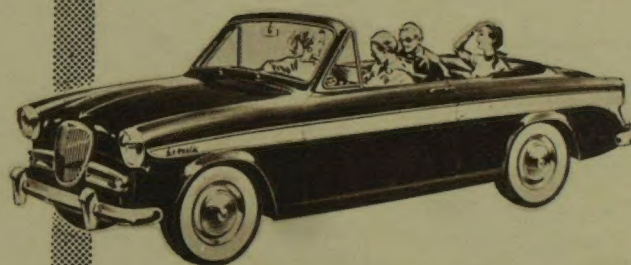
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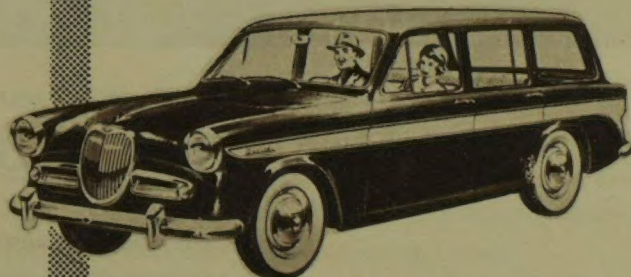
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PEOPLE GOING PLACES . . .

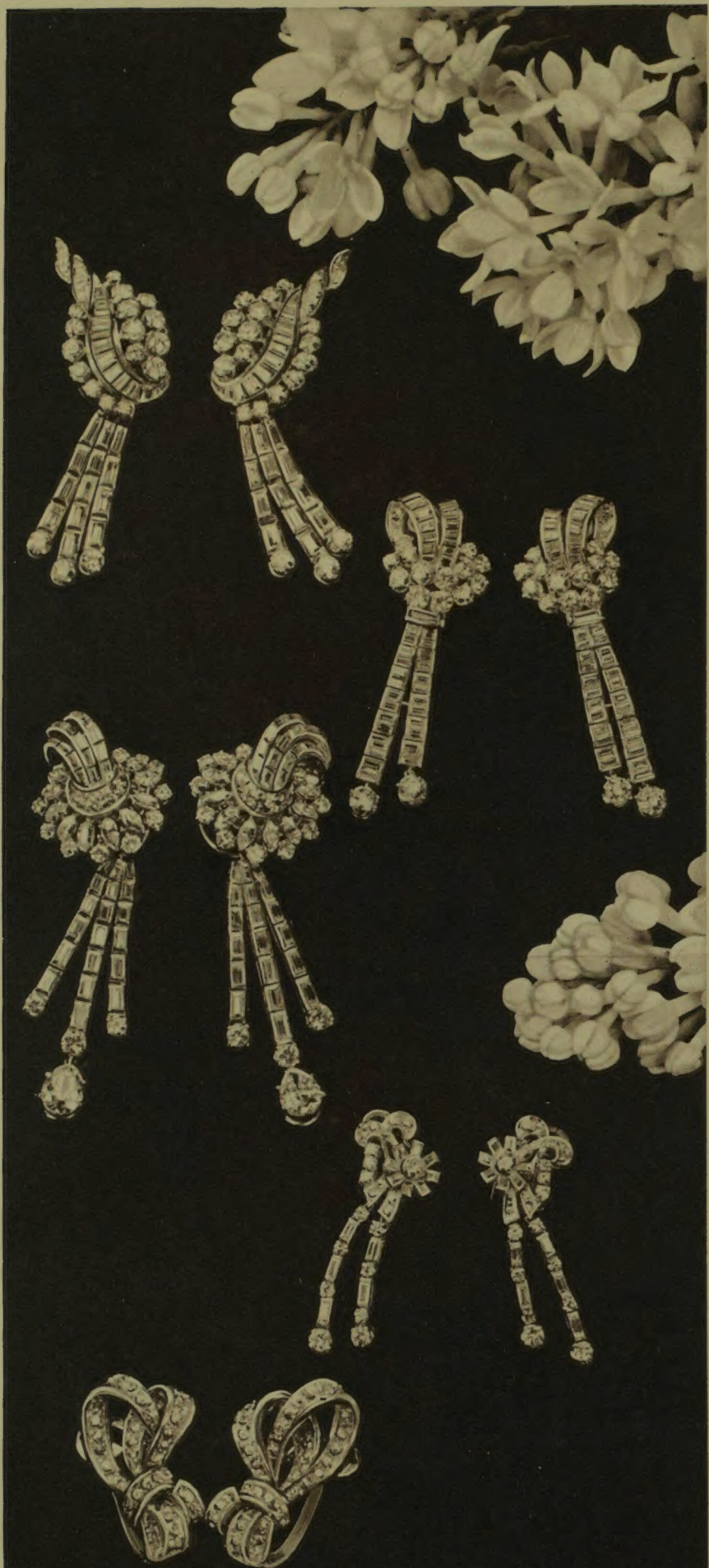
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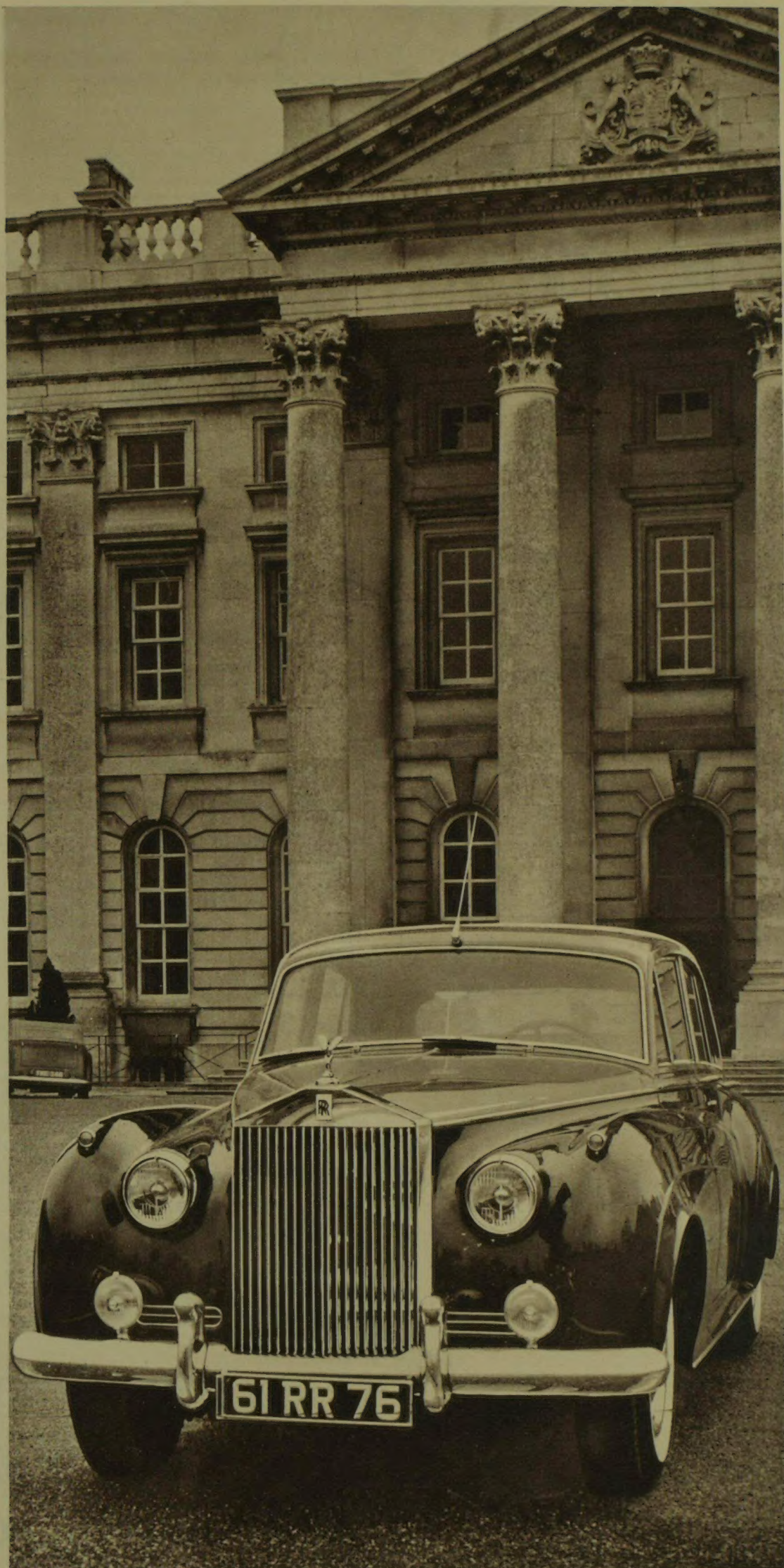
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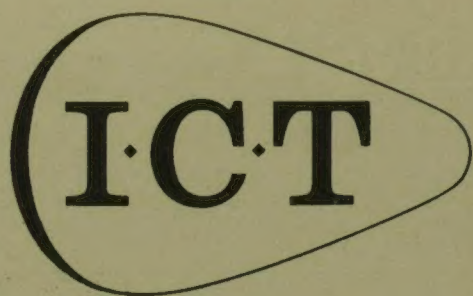
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1959.



THE SUCCESSFUL CYPRUS CONFERENCE IN LONDON: THE DELEGATIONS IN LANCASTER HOUSE ON FEBRUARY 17.

The conference at Lancaster House on the future of Cyprus, arising out of the agreement reached in Zürich between the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers, opened on February 17. By the end of the following day the success of the Conference still hung in the balance, Archbishop Makarios' acceptance of the Zürich proposals still being uncertain. On February 19, however, Mr. Macmillan went to the House of Commons, shortly after seven o'clock, to announce "at this first possible moment" that agreement had been reached. The agreement was followed by initialling of documents at Lancaster House and signing by the British, Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers at the London Clinic, where Mr. Menderes, of Turkey, was recovering after the aircraft bringing him to London had crashed near Gatwick. In spite of some criticism from the Opposition, Mr. Macmillan's announcement in the House of Commons was on the whole received with satisfaction and relief. He said the agreement, based on the documents approved in Zürich and a British declaration made

at the London Conference, provided the foundation for the final settlement of the Cyprus problem. The agreed documents were to be published on February 23. The British declaration stipulated that Britain should retain bases in Cyprus for strategic operations, that provision should be made for the protection of fundamental human rights of the various communities in Cyprus and that obligations of the present Cyprus Government should be assumed by the Republic of Cyprus. Agreement had finally been made possible by the long sought and only recently achieved accord between Greece and Turkey. Mr. Macmillan ended by saying he regarded the agreement as a victory for all parties, and looked forward to peaceful co-operation between Britain, her allies, and the people of Cyprus. In the photograph, Archbishop Makarios is seen in the foreground, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, centre left, Dr. Kutuchuk (Turkish Cypriot), centre of far table, Mr. Zorlu, Turkish Foreign Minister, third from right, and Mr. Averoff, Greek Foreign Minister, right.

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MACMILLAN IN MOSCOW—"LET US TRY TO GUIDE THE WORLD... TO PEACE."



ON HIS ARRIVAL WITH MR. SELWYN LLOYD, MR. MACMILLAN, WEARING A DASHING WHITE ASTRAKHAN HAT, IS WARMLY GREETED BY MR. KHRUSHCHEV.



HAT IN HAND, THE FIRST BRITISH PRIME MINISTER TO VISIT RUSSIA FOR SIXTEEN YEARS WAVES TO CROWDS WHO WELCOMED HIM AT THE AIRPORT.

HAVING captured the affections of the Russian people by his friendliness and his surprise white fur hat, the British Prime Minister, on his ten-day visit to Russia, has continued to try to break down the barriers of suspicion between the two countries. Speaking at a Kremlin banquet on the evening of his arrival on February 21, Mr. Macmillan praised Russia's technical achievements and said that Britain welcomed them as a spur. He added, however, that he wished with all his heart that the East and West would cease to compete with "terrible weapons of destruction." After finishing his prepared speech the Prime Minister then turned to Mr. Khrushchev and made a plea that the two worlds concentrate "on the things that unite us rather than the things that divide us." This impromptu appeal was greeted with applause. Later Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd spent a day with Mr. Khrushchev at a country house near Moscow, where the leaders had two talks lasting several hours. The nature of these talks was not revealed.



MINERAL WATER FOR A PRIME MINISTER ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF MR. KHRUSHCHEV, WHO SAID IT WAS "GOOD FOR THE KIDNEYS": THE RUSSIAN AND BRITISH LEADERS JOKE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY IN MOSCOW.



ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE AIRPORT THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSES THE MICROPHONES, WEARING A TALL WHITE ASTRAKHAN HAT HE BOUGHT FOR HIS RUSSIAN TRIP THIRTY YEARS AGO.



AT MOSCOW AIRPORT A MILITARY BAND PLAYED "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" WHEN MR. MACMILLAN AND THE BRITISH VISITING PARTY HAD STEPPED FROM THE SILVER-WHITE COMET AIRCRAFT THAT HAD BROUGHT THEM.

MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO RUSSIA: SCENES OF WELCOME AT MOSCOW.



THE FIRST BRITISH PRIME MINISTER TO VISIT SOVIET RUSSIA IN TIMES OF PEACE: MR. MACMILLAN, IN HIS WHITE HAT, LISTENING TO MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S GREETING.



AT THE AIRPORT: MR. MACMILLAN WITH MR. KHRUSHCHEV (AND THE INTERPRETER AND GUARD COMMANDER) INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF TARMAN GUARDS.

Punctually on time, at 3 p.m. local time on February 21, the *Comet* bringing Mr. Macmillan to Moscow landed at the airport and the Premier, making a striking appearance with a tall white astrakhan hat—the only one to be seen on the airfield—stepped out to be greeted at the foot of the ramp by Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Mikoyan and other members of the Government. After a warm handshake, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Khrushchev walked over to the guard of honour mounted by the Tarman Guards division which traditionally garrisons Moscow. After the review Mr. Macmillan called out a greeting to



MR. KHRUSHCHEV (CENTRE) AND MR. MACMILLAN SALUTE AS THE MILITARY BAND PLAY THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEMS AT MOSCOW AIRPORT.

the troops who shouted back the greeting "I wish you health." After the playing of the two national anthems Mr. Macmillan walked beside the public who were behind a rope barrier and waved his white hat to them—and both the gesture and the headgear made a great impression. Later Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd drove the 15 miles to Moscow, where they found large crowds assembled in the streets to cheer them. After a pause at the house in which they are staying Mr. Macmillan drove to the Kremlin to pay the first formal call on Mr. Khrushchev and later attended a banquet.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WRITING on this page a few weeks ago about the scandal of unwashed hospital walls, apparently enforced by obscurantist and over-exacting Trades Unions, I expressed the view that, by and large, it is not to-day the members of an hereditary House of Lords or landowning class, as in the past, who are demanding and maintaining exclusive rights that offend against Jeremy Bentham's principle of "the greatest good of the greatest number," but "the privileged brethren of the great preserves of organised Labour and their counterparts of the great capitalist combines." Unfortunately, while what I had written was being set in print someone, inadvertently and without its being noticed, slipped a "not" in front of "the great capitalist combines," and so reversed my meaning. For though I yield to none in my detestation of excesses of Trades Union power, I am acutely conscious that that very power partly stems from the immense strength of the capitalist combines against which Trades Unions to-day have to contend and on whose monopolistic activities their members increasingly depend for their livelihood. That is one of the consequences of the modern tendency to financial amalgamation and the obliteration as a result of the small employer and industrial competitor. Those who bargain with monopolies, if they are not to lie permanently at their mercy, have to be rough and strong themselves. That is part of the law of the jungle, and though comparatively few seem to recognise the fact, as a result of the gradual decline of Victorian morality, liberty and respect for the individual, we are more and more coming to live in a jungle. The outbreak of juvenile violence in our streets is only one, and a comparatively unimportant, manifestation of it.

An Englishman's home, it used to be said, is his castle. To-day, if a great financial organisation, that is those who control it—the officials and directors of a building combine, a contractor's, an industrial corporation—covets my home and seriously sets itself to obtain it, it will probably be able to get it, however passionately I may wish to retain it and oppose its attempts. By submitting its plans for "development" to the Local Authority, whose theoretically democratic powers are almost omnipotent, and making a bargain with its officers to effect jointly some supposed scheme of public improvement or amelioration, it can, with the help of statutory powers and its own well-nigh inexhaustible purse, steam-roller any resistance on my part out of existence. It may even be able to obtain my house without paying a fair market price by securing the exercise of compulsory purchase powers under one of the numerous Acts of Parliament or Departmental Orders which in the past half-century or more have whittled away the Common Law rights of the formerly free-born Englishmen. No private person, indeed, knows how extensive are the so-called public powers that may be aligned against him, and no private person's purse, unless he is a millionaire, is likely to be long enough to put up any sort of fight, except a suicidal one, against them. Yet, in theory, we are still a free country,

and our economy and national livelihood still depend on private enterprise. For it is private enterprise that pays the wages, salaries, pensions and dividends on which we live and the taxes and rates out of which the salaries and wages of our State-employed rulers and public servants are provided. Ours is a curious, hybrid polity, half-capitalist, half-Socialist, the horse being capitalist, the rider, with his rein and spurs, Socialist. And, in its upper reaches, the border-line between the two is strangely hazy and ill-defined. High Civil Servants and politicians to-day, on quitting office, frequently take service with the private corporations whose activities they formerly controlled in the public interest—a thing which would have

pockets of unemployment, the general level of wages and purchasing power is higher than it has ever been. The shops are filled with goods, the pavements with well-clad, well-dressed and well-fed people, and the streets with large cars purchased and maintained for the most part, I understand, by the companies which employ or finance their real possessors. The goose hangs high and, as long as it continues to hang there, all will continue well. No politician under our present system can be expected to think further ahead than the next General Election, and Louis Quinze's "*Après moi le déluge!*" is the V.I.P.'s favourite text for the times. But what will happen, one wonders, if the pockets of unemployment

grow larger and the hard realities of economic existence in a competitive world strike, with blizzard force, at this island, so long sheltered by virtue of the accumulated wealth and empire of our industrious, thrifty forbears? For, in that event, how will a nation fare in which so many enjoy a privileged and protected position and who have come to look on their protection and privilege as something ordained for them by Providence? Any nation can carry a privileged minority; human nature being what it is, every nation has always done so. Yet a nation in which so many are used to travelling on some protected and apparently all-powerful band-waggon may be in for some rude shocks. What of our multitude of Civil Servants and Local Government and other Statutory officials who look on their employment and salaries and pensions as inalienable rights, the directors and management staffs of the great capitalist combines whose services can only be terminated by large capital grants, the serried ranks of organised Labour who have now taken to striking if any of their members are turned off as redundant? What will happen, and what will be their reaction, and by what social upheavals will it be attended, if the national livelihood becomes insufficient to meet their privileged demands? I happen to be a member of what would now seem to be a fast-diminishing minority who earn their livelihood without any kind of protection. I am paid purely by results and after my work has been delivered, enjoy no pension or holiday rights and, so far as my tasks are of a regular kind, can be discharged at any time and without notice. I cannot even go sick and

expect anyone else to do my work, for there is no one but myself to do it; indeed, I happen to be writing this article at the moment with an attack of the fashionable prevailing "four-day 'flu'". Yet this was the way in which in our grandparents' time the overwhelming majority of Englishmen earned their living and provided for their future and dependants. For all its disadvantages and ill consequences—which arose largely out of the inherent imperfections of human nature—I believe it was a saner, healthier and, for the nation, safer system than the present one. It was founded on the realities that in the last resort govern existence on this planet and which were entailed on man by Adam's primeval curse: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS LEAVING THE LONDON CLINIC, WHERE MR. MENDERES WAS RECOVERING AFTER SURVIVING THE AIR CRASH AND WHERE THE THREE PRIME MINISTERS SIGNED THE AGREEMENT ON CYPRUS.

The agreement on Cyprus was signed by the Prime Ministers of Britain, Greece and Turkey on February 19 at the London Clinic, where Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, was recovering. Archbishop Makarios, whose hesitation in agreeing to proposals for the future of Cyprus had the day before caused a crisis at the Conference in London, was also present at the Clinic on this historic occasion.

struck a man of my father's generation, forty or fifty years ago, as unthinkable and tainted by the potentiality of corruption. Being a people with a genius—though genius is not always the right word—for living from hand to mouth and with a dislike of intellectual analysis, we fail to question this process and accept each turn of the screw from a free system to a servile one as a dispensation of nature or "progress," not to be questioned. If the price of liberty, as has been said, is eternal vigilance, it is surprising how little we show of it. Occasionally a "Crichel Down" case will mark a spasmodic rearguard action by some spirited private individual, but such cases are few and far between, and the retreat continues at accelerating pace.

Yet, as the Prime Minister has pointed out, we have never "had it so good." Despite growing

ROYAL TOURS IN TWO CONTINENTS: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN AFRICA; AND THE DUKE IN PAKISTAN.



AT PESHAWAR: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME GIVEN BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF PESHAWAR UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 14.

After his visit to Peshawar University the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Khyber Pass and was welcomed by eleven Pathan chieftains and on February 15 went on to the Warsak Dam project, which is known as "Little Canada." On February 16 he motored through the historic Malakand Pass to the tribal state of Swat and on the 17th went shooting with the ruler of



THE FACULTY AND STUDENT BODY OF PESHAWAR UNIVERSITY LISTENING TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SPEECH. PRINCE PHILIP LATER MINGLED FREELY WITH THE STUDENTS AND TALKED WITH THEM.

Swat beneath the snow-covered peaks of the Hindu Kush. He had the best bag of the day, with thirty *chikor* or mountain partridge out of a total of fifty-eight taken by a party of five guns. He returned to Peshawar and from there on February 18 flew direct to Rangoon in a B.O.A.C. *Comet*. He spent one day in Rangoon before embarking in *Britannia* for Singapore.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ADMIRING THE ROYAL ARMS ON THE LEADING LOCOMOTIVE OF THE ROYAL TRAIN. ON FEBRUARY 14 SHE RECEIVED A VALENTINE FROM 71 RAILWAYMEN.



AT THE TREETOPS HOTEL IN KENYA'S ABERDARE FOREST. THE QUEEN MOTHER IS SEEN HERE WITH THE FOUNDER OF TREETOPS, MR. SHERBROOKE WALKER. HER MAJESTY SPENT THE NIGHT THERE ON FEB. 17/18.



AT MENG0, NEAR KAMPALA, UGANDA: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE KABAKA AND NABAGEREKA (QUEEN) OF BUGANDA, WITH WHOM SHE HAD LUNCHEON ON FEBRUARY 19.



AT MAKERERE COLLEGE, UGANDA: THE QUEEN MOTHER, AS CHANCELLOR OF LONDON UNIVERSITY, CONGRATULATING MISS NAMBOZE, A NEWLY QUALIFIED DOCTOR.

On the Royal train, on February 14, the Queen Mother received a Valentine card from seventy-one Kenya railwaymen, with these verses: "We railwaymen are deadly dull, our lives run straighter than our line, To-day our cup is more than full, For you provide Our Valentine." On the night of February 17-18, which she spent at the Treetops Hotel, she saw rhinoceros, buffalo and forest hogs drinking at the waterhole below the balcony. On February 18 she



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WAVING TO THE LARGE CROWD AS SHE LEFT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BUGANDA GOVERNMENT AT MENG0 ON FEBRUARY 19.

travelled by air to Uganda where she was welcomed at Entebbe Airport by the Kabaka of Buganda, with whom she took luncheon the following day. On February 20 she opened, as Chancellor of London University, the new Library of Makerere College and congratulated Miss Josephine Namboze, the first African woman to qualify as a doctor in East Africa. On Feb. 22 she attended morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral, Namirembe.

AT the moment of beginning this article the issue of the conference on the future of Cyprus was still in the balance. It appeared that the three Governments of the United Kingdom, Greece and Turkey were broadly agreed, but that the spokesman of the Greek Cypriots, Archbishop Makarios, had reservations to make. This is the most difficult situation for a weekly commentator on press day. The daily journalist can correct himself next morning and bring everything up to date. Moreover, though he may be a far more important and more widely-read authority than his weekly rival, hardly anyone looks a second time at what he has written, whereas this periodical will not reach the outermost fringes of its widespread public for a fortnight or even a month.

The remarkable progress towards a solution has been due to the initiative of the Greek and Turkish Governments. It began with the meeting of the two Prime Ministers, MM. Constantine Karamanlis and Adnan Menderes, with their Foreign Ministers, MM. Evangelos Averoff and Fatin Zorlu, at Zurich on February 6. This stage proved fully successful. The motives—apart from the obvious desire to heal a running sore—are interesting. Turkey feels that the Baghdad Pact, in which she is a partner, has become very much less valuable as a bulwark to her security since the revolution in Iraq and, more recently, the threats from without and within to the Persian Government. On the other hand, it appears to her that the Balkan Pact, which has been in tatters since the quarrel between her and Greece over Cyprus became acute, might now be revived in some measure, and, even if it could not be satisfactorily, that restoration of the former strategic links with Greece is highly desirable.

In Greece there has always been a long-sighted element, represented by, among others, the capable Ambassador to Ankara, M. Pezmatzoglou, which has insisted on the need for good relations between the two countries for military, commercial, and political reasons, the last named including solicitude for the Patriarchate. To this has been added anxiety for the Greek community, especially that of Istanbul, who have suffered and lost heavily. As regards the Balkan Pact, Greece was the founding member, through her then Prime Minister, the late Field-Marshal Papagos. She would like to see it revived, even if not quite in its old shape owing to the somewhat changed views of Marshal Tito, leader of the third member State.

The weakening of the relations between Greece and Turkey as members of N.A.T.O. has also been the cause of distress and misgiving to the Greek Government. Both countries set high store by their membership. It may be recalled that there was some doubt about their admission because neither was in any sense an Atlantic State and that it was only through their own determination and perseverance that they surmounted this obstacle. They are neighbours, and some of their

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. COMPLEXITIES OF THE CYPRUS PROBLEM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

strategic problems are similar. It was in these circumstances regrettable that the collaboration between them which the treaty enjoins and their proximity encourages should have become, to all intents and purposes, a fiction.

The hitch reported in the conference on February 18 was due, not to any fresh breach between the two Governments, nor to disagreement with the British Government, which had now joined in the discussion, but to objections from Archbishop Makarios. I have no verdict to give on his attitude, but it is fair to say that he, who has been accused of making himself a dictator, would appear to have changed his mind in view of representations made to him by the

Commonwealth, but it was not clear whether the Greeks in Cyprus were ready to accept this, even for the sake of their fellow-countrymen. The Turkish Cypriots had pledged their support to the proposals of the agreement in Zurich. The Greek Government seemed determined that the *rapprochement* with Turkey should be maintained, and this resolve was reflected by the majority of the Press and of public opinion in Greece. Members of the Government have never hidden the fact, without proclaiming it in public, that their approach differed from time to time from that of the Archbishop and his followers.

British demands were simple. The British Government wanted peace and security in the island; it demanded that Greeks and Turks there should agree to the proposals put before them; and, most of all, it insisted that the position of the bases should be made so firm that they would not be faced with any subsequent challenge. By this I mean legal challenge. Countries are no more able than individuals to ensure that they shall never be challenged.

They cannot guarantee that their treaties will be permanent—and here, with Greek assent, the British are prepared to contravene clauses of the Treaty of Lausanne. They can, however, reach international agreements which they have reason to expect will stand fast for a reasonable period of time. This was the British aim.

As the day wore on it became evident that the final difficulties were being surmounted, but it was not until just after 7 p.m. that Mr. Macmillan announced in the House of Commons that complete accord had been reached between the Greek, Turkish, and British Governments and the representatives of the Greek and Turkish communities in Cyprus. The constitution of a republic was to come into force at an early date; British rights in, and facilities

for, the bases were safeguarded; the question of the relations of Cyprus with the Commonwealth was treated as one to be answered by the Cypriots themselves. The three Prime Ministers signed in the hospital where M. Menderes was under treatment for his injuries in the tragic accident which had thrown Turkey into mourning.

All's well that ends well—though this affair has not altogether ended and may produce some further problems. It has not been laziness or even lack of time which has prevented my re-writing from start to finish what I have set down. The background which I have sketched seems as important as the event itself because the former governs the latter to so large an extent. And it may be that the opening as it stands illustrates the suspense felt by a commentator who can almost say that he has been haunted for years by the calamities of Cyprus and has suffered distress at finding his views at variance with the views of almost all those whose approval he would have considered best worth obtaining. Though they disagreed, they remained patient and generous. May the future show that the work done on February 19 has laid sound foundations.

THE CYPRUS AGREEMENT—LOOKING BACK TO A CONTRASTING SCENE IN 1878, WHEN GREEK PRIESTS BLESSED THE BRITISH FLAG IN NICOSIA.



THIS REPRODUCTION, IN OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1878, WAS TAKEN FROM A DRAWING BY A SPECIAL ARTIST SHOWING A CEREMONY WHICH TOOK PLACE IN NICOSIA ON AUGUST 18 THAT YEAR, SHORTLY AFTER THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS.

Cyprus was ceded to Britain for administrative purposes by Turkey under an agreement of June, 1878. The island was annexed on the outbreak of hostilities with Turkey in 1914, and received Crown Colony status in 1925. Shortly after the agreement of 1878, British troops occupied the island, and following this the event illustrated above took place. The ceremony was attended by Sir Garnet Wolseley, the British Governor (seen to the left of the throne), and the flag was blessed by the Most Reverend Archimandrite and other Greek clergy.

Greek Cypriot leaders who have also come to London. It is also the case, so far as I can gather, that he did not so much make hard and fast demands as air opinions.

I had felt from the first that if the business were to run into trouble this would come from the Greek Cypriots. I could not help wondering whether negotiations were being carried on a little too long above their heads, since the quarrel has always been mainly about their future. Reporters on the island have made it clear that their enthusiasm for the proposed solution has not been universal or indeed generally strong. Greek Cypriots' reservations were said to have concerned future relations with Britain and the latter's rights of intervention, extra-territorial arrangements for the bases, finance, the composition of municipalities, and Maronite and Armenian representation in the legislature.

Other questions are involved, so far less prominent, at all events in public. For instance, the status of Cypriots in this country is one of importance. The simplest solution would be that Cyprus should remain a member of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ASWAN, EGYPT. MOURNERS, CLAD IN WHITE, THROG ROUND THE AGA KHAN'S COFFIN AS THE PROCESSION MOVES IN TO THE NEWLY-BUILT MAUSOLEUM WHERE THE BODY WAS LAID AT REST.

ASWAN, EGYPT. THE BEGUM, WIDOW OF THE AGA KHAN III, RECEIVES CONDOLENCES FROM ISMAILI MOSLEMS BEFORE HER HUSBAND'S RE-BURIAL.

A moving reunion of 3000 Ismaili Moslems took place on February 20, when the late Aga Khan was laid to rest in a new mausoleum beside the Nile at Aswan. Many of the mourners had travelled from India for the occasion. They needed 100 barbers to shave them, for no Ismaili may walk bearded behind a coffin.

(Right.) LOURDES, FRANCE. 40,000 PILGRIMS GATHERING IN FRONT OF THE BASILICA DURING THE CLOSING CEREMONIES OF THE CENTENARY YEAR.

February 18 marked the end of the centenary year at Lourdes, the famous place of pilgrimage where, just over a century ago, the Virgin Mary appeared to a young French shepherdess, Bernadette. 40,000 pilgrims attended the service before the Basilica.



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA. A LAUGHING INDONESIAN FOREIGN MINISTER TALKS WITH THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. MENZIES (RIGHT), AND DR. EVATT.

A treaty of friendship will be signed between Indonesia and Australia, following the visit to Canberra of the Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr. Subandrio. On February 11 the Australian Government held a State luncheon at Parliament House in honour of their guest. After friendly talks Mr. Menzies agreed to visit Indonesia.



MEXICO. BRONZED AFTER HIS HOLIDAY AT ACAPULCO, SIR ANTHONY EDEN TALKS TO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT AT A RECEPTION.

During President Eisenhower's State visit to Mexico he attended a dinner at La Perla night club given by President Mateos of Mexico (left), and greeted the former British Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden, who has been spending three months on holiday at the seaside resort of Acapulco. Sir Anthony looked relaxed and happy.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. ANTI-AVALANCHE MEASURES IN SQUAW VALLEY: A 105-MM. RECOILLESS RIFLE, ONE OF SEVERAL PERMANENTLY MOUNTED ON PEAKS TO SHATTER MASSES OF SNOW WHICH MIGHT BUILD UP TO DANGEROUS AVALANCHES.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, CYRUS TIBBALS, POINTING TO THE FOUR GLASS FRAGMENTS REMOVED FROM HIS LUNGS THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS AFTER THEY ENTERED HIS BODY.



AUSTRALIA. THE REMNANTS OF A HOUSE, FROM WHICH THE OCCUPANTS ESCAPED, AFTER A CYCLONE STRUCK BOWEN, NORTH QUEENSLAND.



AUSTRALIA. ANOTHER HOUSE IN BOWEN WRECKED BY THE RECENT CYCLONE, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE SEVEREST ON RECORD IN THE AREA.

North Queensland was recently struck by one of the worst cyclones to sweep in from the Coral Sea in the State's history. The port of Bowen was particularly severely hit, and damage there was estimated at £A500,000. The towns of Ayr and Home Hill were also badly damaged.



KURE, JAPAN: THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER, UNIVERSE APOLLO (104,520 TONS), IN DOCK AFTER HER TRIALS. HER KEEL WAS LAID IN JUNE 1958. The keel of this enormous vessel (950 ft. long) was laid on June 30, 1958; she was launched on December 6 and delivered on January 31. She was scheduled to make her maiden voyage to the Persian Gulf at the end of February.



RAPALLO, ITALY. WAITING FOR THE "POT" TO BE EMPTIED AT THE END OF THE CARNIVAL. DURING THE WEEK ALL KINDS OF GIFTS ARE PUT IN AND ON THE LAST DAY THERE IS A GENERAL SCRAMBLE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



A VIEW FROM THE SMOUHA COUNTRY CLUB. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE CULTIVATED LAND, VILLAS ON THE ESTATE AND PART OF THE ALEXANDRIA SUBURB OF SIDI GABR.



A VIEW OVER THE TENNIS COURTS FROM THE CLUB, LOOKING TOWARDS TWO FACTORIES WHICH ARE SITUATED ON THE ESTATE.



A SCENE ON THE VERANDAH OF THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE SMOUHA COUNTRY CLUB, SITUATED ON THE ESTATE IN DISPUTE.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE CLUB-HOUSE, SHOWING PART OF THE GOLF COURSE AND THE RACE-TRACK.



THE GRANDSTAND OF THE RACE-TRACK ON THE ESTATE. THE RACE-TRACK ENCIRCLES AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF COURSE.

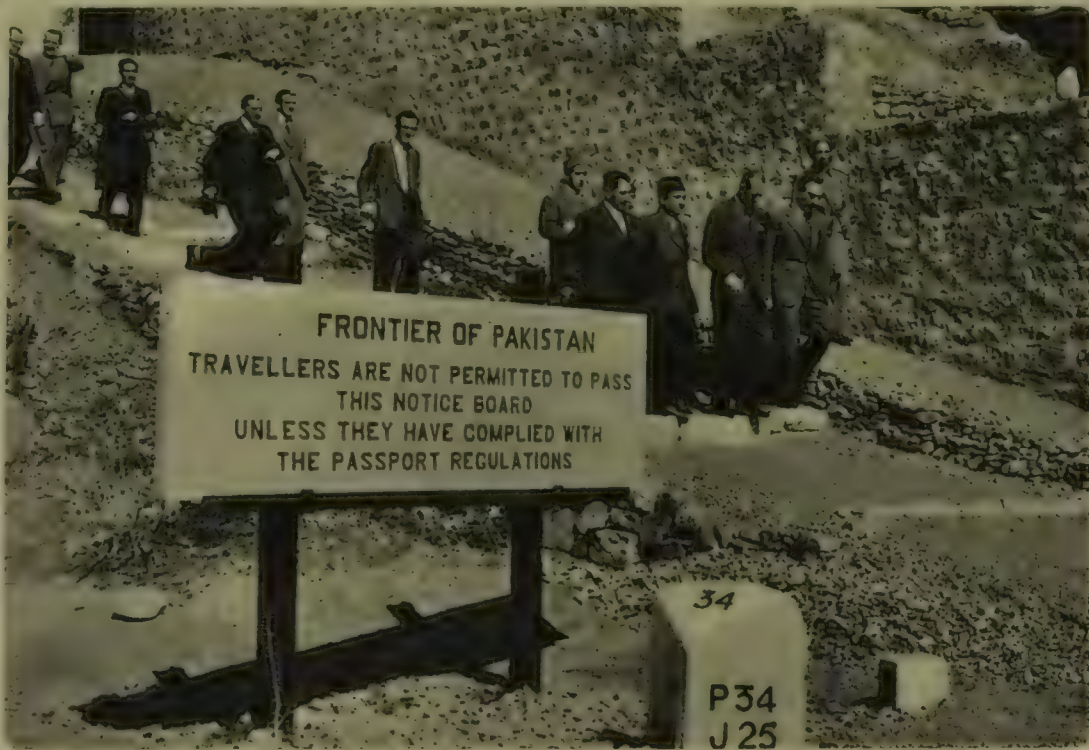
EGYPT. THE SMOUHA ESTATE DISPUTE.

The agreement settling British and Egyptian financial differences arising from the Suez conflict in 1956, which was reached under the auspices of Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, was initialled on January 17. Shortly after this it became known that a dispute had arisen over the Smouha Estate, about three miles from the centre of Alexandria. By February 19 the agreement had not yet been signed, and Mr. Black was about to fly to Cairo again to try to remove the obstacles which were delaying the signing. While there was little reliable information about the intricacies of the dispute, it appeared that Egyptian and British valuations of the Smouha Estate, on which compensation for land taken over by Egypt would be based, differed by £6,000,000 or more. The valuation was, in turn, affected by the proportion of the Smouha property classified as agricultural, rather than development, land. The chief consideration on the British side would seem to have been the amount of compensation to be paid by Egypt out of which the British Government could pay compensation to the Smouha family.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



PAKISTAN. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MAKES FRIENDS WITH OLD ENEMIES, CHIEFS OF THE PATHAN TRIBES, DURING HIS VISIT TO FORT JAMRUD, WHICH GUARDS THE FAMOUS KHYBER PASS.



PAKISTAN BORDER. ON THIS OCCASION PASSPORT FORMALITIES WERE WAIVED, AS PRINCE PHILIP BECAME THE FIRST BRITISH ROYAL VISITOR TO VISIT THE BATTLE-SCARRED KHYBER PASS.

Scenes of traditional conflicts with warlike Pathan tribesmen were recalled under very different circumstances when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Jamrud Fort and the Khyber Pass on February 14. He met Pathan chiefs, some of whom had once fought bitter guerrilla actions against British troops. He was told "We welcome you. . . . We would be delighted if the Queen would come."



MEXICO. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, RIGHT, PASSING TWO PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE IN MEXICO CITY.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra arrived in Mexico City on February 12, at the beginning of their tour in Central and Southern America. The Duchess and the Princess visited the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe on February 15 and the day after their arrival were received by President Lopez Mateos at the National Palace in Mexico City.



MEXICO. PRESIDENT LOPEZ MATEOS, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE NATIONAL PALACE.



ALGERIA. IN ALGIERS: M. DEBRE, FRENCH PREMIER, SECOND FROM RIGHT, DURING HIS VISIT TO A RESIDENTIAL AREA UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

During his brief visit to Algeria, M. Debré was given a hostile reception by young European extremists when he laid a wreath on the war memorial in Algiers on February 9. In a statement, however, he said that no one should count on the French growing weary of their struggle in Algeria, and that Algeria was a land of French sovereignty.



FRANCE. A SUCCESSFUL TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST: PRESIDENT DE GAULLE WELCOMED IN TOULOUSE, WHERE OPPOSITION DEMONSTRATIONS HAD BEEN EXPECTED.

AN ITALIAN BYRON.

"THE POET AS SUPERMAN: A LIFE OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO." By ANTHONY RHODES.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT is with something of a shock that one realises that the death of D'Annunzio took place only twenty-one years ago. He would more suitably have died a contemporary of Byron than of Neville Chamberlain. His flamboyance in thought and action mark him out so definitely as the typical revolutionary of the nineteenth century, alternating between the tribune and the barricade, that in any other age he must of necessity appear something of an anachronism; and indeed it was to no inconsiderable extent because he was an anachronism that he was able to play so prominent a part on the Italian political stage of his day. He could not have acted a like rôle in any other country, and those who seek support for the view that United Italy was made too quickly and too easily will find much in D'Annunzio's career to back their contention. A nation more sure of itself would never have tolerated him.

He was a good deal of an intellectual magpie. One of his earliest masters was Carducci, incidentally a much better poet than he himself was ever to become, who wrote in the "Odi Barbari," "I want to see the triumphal arches of Rome again, and beneath them a Quadriga, drawing the victor surrounded by cries of triumph. I want to substitute for the bourgeois dining-room the Triclinium, the diners crowned with white rose wreaths and Assyrian scents. I want to see man enjoying life, his lips wet with Falernian wine, his head resting on the snowy breast of Lydia." This sort of thing made a great appeal on several scores to D'Annunzio, who as a youth had already written, during what may be described as his Baudelaire phase:

I crave infernal dances and insensate sounds,
The breasts of Grecian concubines to pass
the night.
I crave long orgies and unknown forms of love.

These lines, not unnaturally, provoked an otherwise friendly critic to suggest that a well-brought-up young man of sixteen, full of obvious talent, should not be filling his head with "infernal dances and insensate sounds, and the breasts of Grecian concubines to pass the night." Another critic said that if he had been the poet's teacher he would have given him a gold medal and a sound thrashing.

Then there was Nietzsche, who may be said first to have inculcated D'Annunzio with the idea of an aristocratic community of Supermen. His enthusiasm knew no bounds for a philosopher who could write "Such phantoms as the dignity of man, the dignity of labour, are the needy products of slavery hiding itself from itself," or "Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss." What D'Annunzio forgot was that the German was not a political scientist, but a philosopher, with a good deal of the poet in him, and that although he certainly attacked democracy he was no great friend to autocracy. It was Hegel, through the interpretation of Gentile, one of the brightest intellectual lights in the Fascist firmament, rather than Nietzsche through the mouthpiece of D'Annunzio, who made the authoritarian appeal to Italian youth.

Yet it must be remembered that in espousing various, sometimes conflicting, theories, and endeavouring to make a system out of them, D'Annunzio could rely upon a good deal of contemporary sympathy. When he was born in 1863 Italy was a country in the throes of revolution.

The Temporal Power of the Papacy was still an established fact, and the Austrian trumpets still echoed across the lagoon at Venice. These survivals of the past were a challenge which had been taken up; Mazzini and Garibaldi were the heroes of the hour; and United Italy was just round the corner. Once the goal had been reached there was nothing left to strive for, and the Italians became bored. They looked round for something new, and for a time D'Annunzio seemed to be providing it for them.

All the same, even during his hour of triumph at Fiume, he was never anything more than a gifted amateur where politics were concerned. Mr. Rhodes shrewdly comments:

To sum up D'Annunzio's political career, it seems that he never had any real understanding of the electors. One of his fixed ideas, held all his life, was that he 'understood the common people,' that the qualities he most admired were frankness, naturalness and roughness in the workers. It is true that for the lower classes he had sympathy, but it was not of the Tolstoyan brand, the desire to be with them, rather than with other people. He was more like the great Italian nobleman who is always prepared to give large sums to the poor, provided he does not have to shake hands with them. He appreciated in the peasant, the poetic gesture by which he nobly strews the seeds in the furrow, and he saw the working man in terms of medieval guilds and craftsmanship, bending the filigree of silver, studding a brocade with foliage, or blowing a piece of Murano glass. About percentages, Trades Unions, the cost of corn, he knew nothing.

It has been claimed for him that many of the ideas of Fascist Syndicalism were borrowed from his Statute for Fiume, and at first sight there may appear to be something in the argument, but in reality Syndicalism in Italy is of much earlier date. Mazzini was a good deal of a Syndicalist, and when the Sardinian Constitution was being drafted in 1848 the proposal was seriously entertained to give it an economic basis. Mussolini looked to Sorel (Georges, not Albert, as stated by the present author) rather than D'Annunzio, for he was the last man to take the poet seriously in a matter of this sort. At any rate, I have several times discussed the subject with him in the Palazzo Venezia in the early 'thirties, and I never heard him so much as mention D'Annunzio's name in connection with it, though he often quoted Sorel, for whom he had the most profound respect.

If the poet was rather a joke as a politician, as is proved by the ease with which Mussolini pushed him aside when it suited his purpose, though continuing to treat him with the greatest possible respect, as a man he was one of the most unmitigated cads of all time. "D'Annunzio was a sexual maniac whose life, work and every action could be traced at some stage to the influence of a woman, and always a new woman," writes Mr. Rhodes, and he is unquestionably right. Sexual

maniacs are rarely attractive in general society whatever may be the case when they are in the company of their victims, and D'Annunzio was no exception. As so often with men of this type, his wife was one of his first victims: he had married her against her father's wishes, for social reasons, and

when he had attained the position in society which he sought she had no more interest for him: she was present at his funeral, although he had abandoned her fifty years before. Another victim was the Duse, and many pages of this extremely readable book are devoted to D'Annunzio's relations with her. Unquestionably she was treated badly, too, but she knew a good deal about him by repute before they first met, and all the evidence goes to show that she gave as good as she got by way of insult.

Not that D'Annunzio's amorous propensities always resulted in tragedy, for on occasion they reached the heights of comedy, as was shown in an incident at Fiume which is recalled by Mr. Rhodes. Apparently it was his custom to give to each lady whose favours he had enjoyed a large silk handkerchief, of unique design and colour, of the kind which women tie round their heads. The higher Fiume Legionaries realised before long that their *Comandante* was making an international fool of himself where women were concerned, and they made no great secret of their views.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. ANTHONY RHODES.

Born in 1916, Mr. Rhodes spent his childhood in India. He served in the Second World War and was invalided out in 1945. He became an assistant lecturer at Geneva University, and in 1951 taught at the British Institute in Florence. He was an assistant master at Eton College from 1952 to 1953. He has contributed articles for the *Sunday Times*, *Listener* and *New Statesman*, and has written a number of previous books.



D'ANNUNZIO: THE LAST PERIOD. ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BOOK "THE POET AS SUPERMAN," BY ANTHONY RHODES, REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.



D'ANNUNZIO AFTER HIS SUCCESSFUL RAID ON FIUME, 1919, SURROUNDED BY SOME OF HIS VOLUNTEERS. ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM THE LIFE OF THE AMAZING ITALIAN POET AND SOLDIER WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The two pictures from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

To extricate himself from a situation which was becoming embarrassing, D'Annunzio gave a reception at his headquarters where he invited all the women to whom he had given a silk handkerchief. Each apparently imagined she was its only recipient. The first lady entered the reception wearing, of course, the gift. All went well. But then a second arrived, then a third, then a fourth. Soon, there were nearly a dozen women wearing the same handkerchief. After glaring furiously at one another, they attempted individually to approach D'Annunzio. But he was inaccessible, surrounded by his staff and official guests. They left the room in a fury and, shortly after, Fiume.

Whether Europe is a better place to-day without the presence of men like D'Annunzio may well be argued; that it is a duller place will hardly be denied.

* "The Poet as Superman: A Life of Gabriele D'Annunzio." By Anthony Rhodes. Illustrated. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25s.)

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

II. TERRESTRIAL METEORITE CRATERS.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

IT is not possible to accept the meteoritic impact theory of the lunar craters without at the same time accepting the implication that the surface of the Earth has received an exactly similar amount of celestial bombardment area for area. This conclusion is absolutely inescapable simply on the basis of the laws of chance, but there is the added consideration that modern theories of the origin of the Earth are moving towards the view that the gradual addition of mass from interplanetary space is the very process by which the planets have formed.

For objects encountered by the Earth, the atmosphere provides a shield for the solid surface only for comparatively small bodies. Tiny meteors, weighing but a small fraction of a gram, do not penetrate at all, being burnt up as they rush through the high atmosphere, but micro-meteors may well be slowed up without becoming volatilised and descend gradually to the surface. But the contribution that meteors of all kinds make in mass is quite negligible. It is the meteorites, which get through to ground-level, that are the last traces of planet-forming material. Meteorites that weigh only a few pounds have impact speeds quite low because their passage through the air is strongly resisted by aerodynamic forces; the resulting pressures on the surface may even be strong enough to break up the body into a shower of meteorites. But the power of a solid body to penetrate through a gaseous medium increases steadily with its dimensions, and a meteorite weighing more than a few hundred tons, which for iron would mean a few yards in diameter, would scarcely be slowed by the atmosphere at all.

Something like half a dozen small meteorites (a few pounds in weight) per year on average are actually seen to fall, but these obviously represent but a small proportion of the total number really arriving. Over 90 per cent. of meteorites are of the stony variety—that is, fragments of crystalline rock—but most museum specimens are iron meteorites simply because these are easier to recognise other than by experts.

Really large meteorites capable of forming craters miles in diameter will be as rare on Earth (area for area) as on the Moon, and, just as for the Moon, it seems certain that the rate of addition of mass in this way is now negligible compared with what it was in the early stages of development of the solar system. The surface of the Earth, however, by no means resembles the lunar surface, and some cause must therefore be at work obliterating all traces of craters in comparatively short periods of time. There is no difficulty here. Erosion of mountains and silting-up of valleys on the Earth's surface proceed at a terrific pace judged by leisurely astronomical standards where 1,000,000,000 years is the sort of time taken for much to happen. It has been estimated that erosion reduces the surface of a whole continent, such as America, rather faster than 1 ft. every 10,000 years, but high ranges such as a crater rim would be subject to much faster reduction, especially in regions of heavy rainfall or if subjected to glaciation. Any crater formed more than a few million years ago would by now be weathered away and filled in by erosion. But, even so, it cannot be thought that there are no recently-produced craters; indeed, there are upwards of thirty recognised formations of definite meteoritic origin.

Of these perhaps the most famous is the Arizona crater discovered in 1906 by Barringer, whose suggestion that it was meteoritic was received with ridicule at the time. Direct and indirect evidence indicates that what remains of the meteorite responsible for this vast gash in the otherwise undisturbed Arizona desert would be

equivalent to a solid sphere of metal 100 ft. in radius and therefore weighing about 1,000,000 tons. It is believed to rest beneath the southern rim of the crater 600 ft. below the level of the present floor, at which depth drilling has encountered impenetrable material. The object is far smaller than the crater itself, which, though silted up somewhat, is still about 600 ft. deep and over 4000 ft. from rim to rim. The volume ratio of crater to meteorite is of the order of 2000 to 1. Within a few miles surrounding the crater thousands of iron meteorites have been found on the surface.

Other meteoritic craters have been recognised at widely separated parts of the Earth's surface



CRATERS ON THE MOON: A PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE MOON, SHOWING—LOWER LEFT—THE CRATER COPERNICUS, WITH ITS RADIATING BRIGHT STREAKS, CAUSED BY METEORITIC IMPACT.

This photograph of part of the north-east quadrant of the Moon during its last quarter was taken with the 100-in. telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory, California. The large upper right-hand crater, Pluto, is about 60 miles across and could contain the whole of greater London. The bright rays radiating from Copernicus are several hundred miles long. In his article this week, Dr. Lyttleton discusses the lunar craters in relation to the Earth's meteorite craters. (In our issue of September 13 last year, Dr. Lyttleton wrote on features of the Moon and problems that a man-made lunar probe might solve.)

showing no relation to volcanic regions—Australia, Argentina, Esthonia, Arabia, and Russia, to mention only a few—though systematic efforts to locate less obvious remains of craters have only recently begun to be made as a result of the development of aerial photography. The principal area at present being studied is the northern part of Canada of which literally millions of photographs have been secured by the Royal Canadian Air Force. The first major discovery by this means was of the Chubb crater, now officially designated the New Quebec crater, in Ungava, in remote northern Quebec. This was first noticed on photographs in 1943 as a circular lake over two miles in diameter, but expeditions to it were not made till 1950 and 1951. There appears to be no doubt whatever of its meteoritic origin in comparatively recent times, not less than 3000 years ago and not more than 15,000. The inner walls slope up at 35° or more to the rim,

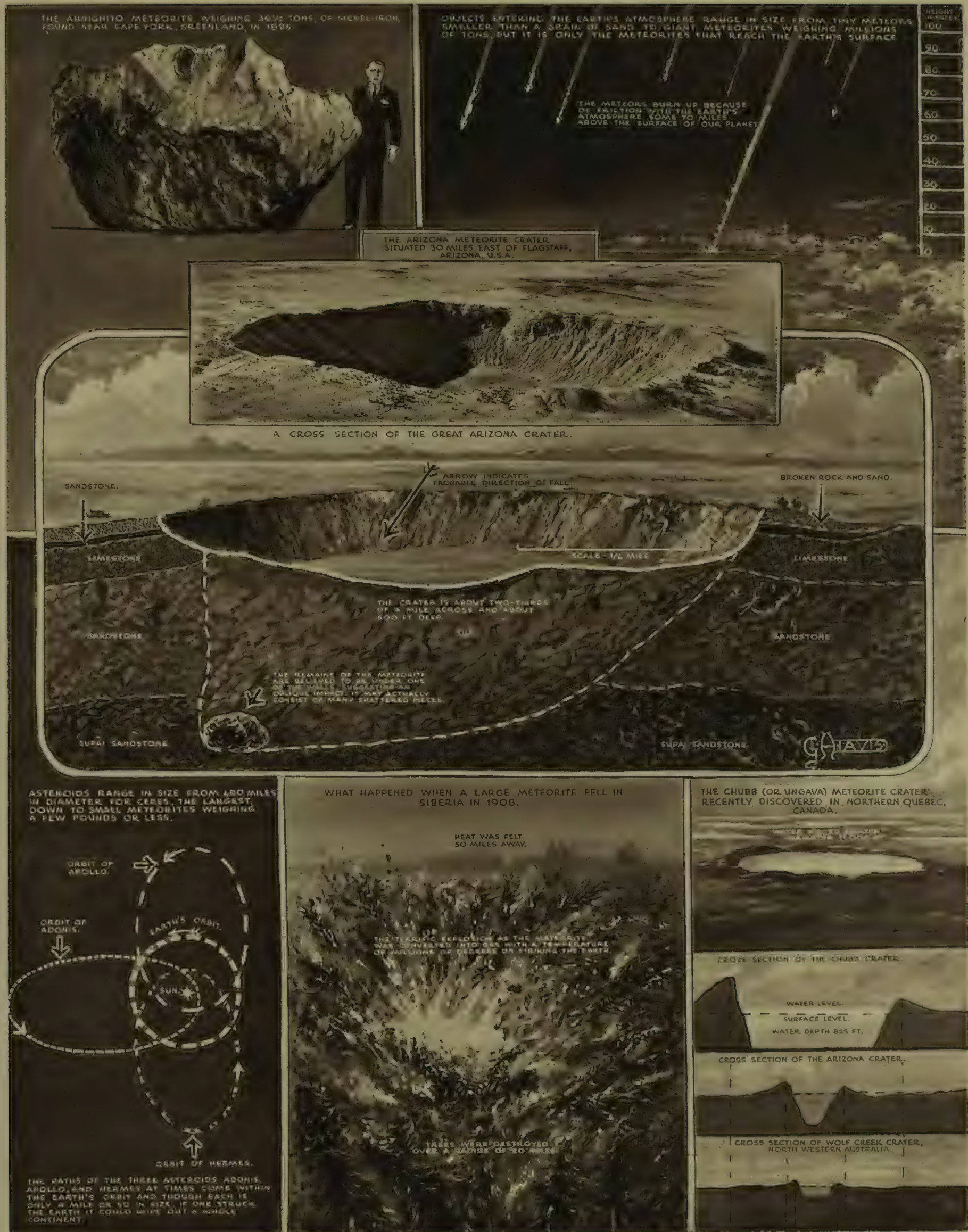
which is not of uniform height all round, averaging about 300 ft. above the level of the lake on the lower side and 420 ft. on the higher semi-circle, with the highest part about 530 ft. above the water. As the depth of the water at the centre of the lake is 825 ft., the average depth of the crater is something like 1000 ft. even to-day.

But perhaps even of more interest because of the hopes it raises of discovering large numbers of buried craters is the crater at Holleford, Ontario, now called after that place. This again was first detected aerially as an ill-defined circular topographical feature, which on investigation was found to be merely a circular depression about 100 ft. deep and 1½ miles in diameter. Pretty well half the rim is intact though buried, but other parts have been deeply eroded. The inner slopes, though now very gentle, are characteristically steeper than the outer ones, and rates of deposition of sediments suggest that it may well be the remains of a meteorite crater formed some 500,000,000 years ago but now almost completely silted over by erosion and general weathering. To test this, drillings at various distances from its centre have been made, and these confirm its meteoritic nature because at precisely the expected depths for a crater of its lateral extent are found the layer of shattered irregular rock fragments (breccia) that the inner walls and floor of a crater formed by explosion should have. This broken layer is also found to rise on up above the general ground-level to delineate the rim of the original crater.

Yet another discovery has recently been made by Innes of the remains of a large crater at Deep Bay, Saskatchewan, some 250 miles north of Prince Albert. Only preliminary study has so far been made, but the crater is believed to be almost certainly meteoritic; there is no sign of volcanic activity anywhere in the vicinity. The circular depression observed is about 8½ miles in diameter, and the water contained therein forms the south-eastern part of Reindeer Lake. From the rim to the water-level is about 270 ft., while to the bed of the lake itself the depth is over 1000 ft., and there are the usual steep slopes of the inner walls characteristic of meteorite craters.

It is well-nigh impossible to conceive of the enormous power and extreme suddenness with which one of these craters would be formed. A smooth, luxuriant countryside could in a fraction of a second be transformed into a vast, deep quarry immediately surrounding where the meteorite struck, while a few moments later a far larger region would be devastated by the explosion blast and torrential shower of debris. Such an event could wipe out a large city in an instant and utterly destroy the surrounding area for hundreds of miles. As recently as 1908 quite a small meteorite or group of meteorites fell in a remote part of Siberia, making a number of craters of which the largest was a mere 50 yards across. Yet the blast blew down the trees and laid them radially outwards within 20 miles or so, while the ground shock was felt 400 miles away. In these days of atom bombs, which mass for mass have

comparable power and could do just such damage, a celestial visitor of this kind, if it should by ill-luck fall in a populated area, some in particular more than others, might produce a highly dangerous and embarrassing situation if its origin were not immediately understood. In the resulting chaos, which could easily extend to a whole continent, it might be difficult to accept that it was due to purely "natural" causes. The probability of such an occurrence even in the course of a century is infinitesimal, but if any such fall should occur, it can only be hoped that it occurs in a region such that no misunderstanding of its origin is likely. In this scientific age, the descent from the sky of a few thousand tons of meteoritic material at some safe part of the globe would literally be regarded as a gift from heaven, but it would be a cruel stroke if it should precipitate an atomic war.



TERRESTRIAL METEORITE CRATERS : NOTABLE KNOWN PITS IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE DUE TO CELESTIAL BOMBARDMENT.

In this drawing, Mr. Davis illustrates some of the more notable known terrestrial meteorite craters. The destructive power of large meteorites striking the Earth is enormous, as was proved when the relatively small meteorite or group of meteorites landed in a remote part of Siberia in 1908. Although the chance of a large meteorite hitting the Earth even in the course of a hundred years is very slight, nevertheless, these potential visitors from the heavens undeniably constitute a natural Sword of Damocles threatening the world's

entire population. Systematic efforts to locate less obvious meteorite craters on the Earth's surface have only just begun, with the development of aerial photography. While there is no doubt that the Earth's surface is very different from that of the Moon, on the basis of the laws of chance, the Earth must have received the same amount of celestial bombardment, area for area, as the Moon, and on the opposite page, Dr. Lyttleton explains how the difference between the lunar and terrestrial surfaces is to be explained.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.

WHERE ATHLETIC CONTESTS WERE LINKED WITH UNDERGROUND VOWS AND BURNT SACRIFICES OF OXEN: THE SHRINES OF CORINTH'S ISTHMIAN GAMES.

By PROFESSOR OSCAR BRONEER, Field Director of the University of Chicago Expedition.

(Previous articles by PROFESSOR BRONEER on the University of Chicago's excavations at the famous Isthmian Sanctuary at Corinth have appeared in The Illustrated London News of January 15, 1955, and September 15, 1956. His present article is concerned with finds from the debris of the ancient sanctuaries and also with the temple of Palaimon, which has been found to be considerably later than was thought, dating only from Roman times.)

THE Isthmian Sanctuary continues to yield its treasures and to reveal its secrets to the excavator's spade. In the campaign recently concluded we made some unexpected discoveries that will compel us to revise many of our ideas about the history and cults of the Isthmia. All we knew about the fortification of the Isthmus prior to the wall built by the Emperor Justinian (A.D. 527-565) came from written records; we

figurines and various household objects that had been brought as dedications to Poseidon. Outside the precinct proper we came upon what at first seemed to be a large circular depression cut through rock and virgin soil. It measures nearly 16 ft. in diameter; its full depth is still unknown. At 46 ft. we reached water, and after digging some 18 ins. below the water-level we stopped for the season. The fill of the pit contained pottery, including some plastic vases of Early Corinthian ware, and bronze figurines from the sixth century B.C. (Figs. 4 and 5).

We also completed the excavation in the precinct of Palaimon, discovered at the end of our 1956 campaign. Hitherto scholars have assumed that this was the earliest of the cults established at the Isthmia; in our excavation we found abundant evidence for a cult that flourished in Roman times, but nothing of earlier date. From

rites of Palaimon. Among them is a type of large lamp of a peculiar shape, unknown elsewhere in Greece. Many lamps of this kind, as well as other pottery, had been thrown into three sacrificial pits near the temple of Palaimon. The pits are earlier than the temple, but the latest and largest continued in use after the temple had been built. Their stone-lined walls have crumbled and turned to lime from the intense heat required to consume the victims. For these are no refuse pits, dug to receive the ashes and bones from sacrifices performed on an altar. Though the whole area covered by the Palaimonion has been excavated, no altar other than the pits has been discovered. Osteological analyses of the burned remains have shown that the victims—all cattle, probably young bulls—were burned whole. The sacrificial holocausts left a deposit of ash and bones, together with the lamps and sacrificial vessels, on the floors of the pits. In the largest pit this deposit reached a depth of 2½ ft. Each pit had its separate enclosure.

The sacrificial gear is distinguished for quantity rather than quality. Fragments of some 700 small beakers of coarse grey ware and immense quantities of plain bowls or plates came from the large pit alone. Apparently the cult of Palaimon was popular among the many and the poor. The picture produced by these cult antiquities is one



FIG. 1. WHERE WORSHIPPERS AND ATHLETES IN THE ISTHMIAN GAMES WENT TO AN UNDERGROUND SHRINE TO TAKE AN OATH TO THE GOD: THE DOG-LEGGED PASSAGE RUNNING UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE PALAIMONION.

Pausanias, the Greek traveller and historian, who died at Rome late in the second century A.D., in his description of the games connected with the worship of Palaimon, speaks of an underground crypt, an *adyton* or shrine, to which worshippers and athletes descended

to take an oath to the god. Those who broke the oath were threatened with severe penalties. The ceremonies seem to have been of a mystical character, carried out at night with underground rites and culminating in a burnt sacrifice of bulls.

have now found an Isthmian wall going back to the thirteenth century B.C. Though preserved for only about 1½ miles (2 km.), from the Saronic Gulf to the vicinity of the Sanctuary, it is doubtless part of a line of defence across the Isthmus. The date of the wall, which can be determined from its Cyclopean construction and from pottery finds, leads us to conclude that it was built to meet the growing danger of invasions at the end of the Bronze Age. In mythology this became known as the Return of the Heracleidae; in history as the Dorian Invasion. The first recorded encounter in this conflict—a duel between two champions, Hyllos and Echemos—took place at the Isthmus. This was a failure, and the invasion was delayed for 100 years. The story of the duel, as told by Herodotus, is probably poetic elaboration of a battle, in which the recently-discovered wall may have played a decisive rôle resulting in the defeat of the invaders.

Within the Sanctuary itself we continued to clear the precinct of Poseidon and the stoas that surrounded it on three sides. Here we excavated some of the debris dumped on the sloping ground to the north and east of the temple of Poseidon, after the fire that destroyed the archaic temple about 475 B.C. This fill contained bronze statuettes (Figs. 2, 6, 7, 8), silver coins, terracotta

Pausanias we learn that there was an underground crypt, the *adyton*, where worshippers and, presumably, the Isthmian athletes, went down to take oaths in the name of the god. Perjurers were threatened with dire punishments. Roman coins of Corinth depict a circular temple of Palaimon with what seem to be Corinthian columns, and show the entrance to the crypt at a lower level. The temple foundation is almost square, measuring 27½ ft. by 25½ ft. (8.30 by 7.70 m.) in area; and since a square temple is very unlikely, we may restore a circular building corresponding to the picture on the coins. Through the axis of the foundation runs a passage (Fig. 1) beneath the floor level and high enough to permit a man to walk upright. In the centre of the foundation the passage turns at a 37° angle toward the north-west. Outside the temple it connects with a subterranean reservoir of pre-Roman date, in which water was stored for use in the channels and basins of the early stadium. It is conceivable that it also served some ritual purpose in the cult of Palaimon. The channel through which the water was brought was deliberately blocked in Roman times, and the reservoir then became part of the *adyton* of Palaimon's temple. In front of the temple we found hundreds of lamps that had been used in the nocturnal

of intense activity—ceremonies performed in the dark of night, mysterious rites in underground places, crowds of worshippers carrying vessels and lamps and gifts for the god—all culminating in the spectacular sacrificial scene when the bulls were slaughtered and cast upon the flames to be completely consumed. This was a mystery cult with its secret rites which the initiated were forbidden to divulge. An inscription, too fragmentary to read, makes mention of an *enagismos*, perhaps one of the initiatory rites in the festival of Palaimon. Since he was the hero at whose funeral the Isthmian Games had been established, we may assume that these rites were performed at the biennial celebrations of the games. So far as our excavations show, there is no evidence for the cult of Palaimon earlier than the planting of the Roman colony at Corinth under Julius Caesar. And the references in literature to the Isthmian cult of Palaimon are all found in writers of Roman Imperial times. If there was a sanctuary of Palaimon at the Isthmia in the Greek period it was either a very insignificant shrine within the stadium, or it was located at some distance from the later temple. The Romans identified Palaimon with their own harbour god, Portumnus.

In addition to our excavation in the twin sanctuaries of Poseidon and [Continued opposite.

VOTIVE BRONZES FROM
THE ISTHMIAN GAMES;
AND A VICTOR, IN MARBLE.



FIG. 2. A VOTIVE OFFERING TO POSEIDON, RECOVERED FROM THE DEBRIS OF THE TEMPLE WHICH WAS DESTROYED ABOUT 475 B.C.: A BRONZE STATUETTE OF AN ATHLETE.



FIG. 3. FOUND IN A TRIAL TRENCH IN THE THEATRE: THE MARBLE HEAD OF A VICTORIOUS YOUNG ATHLETE, WEARING THE ISTHMIAN CROWN OF PINE TWIGS.



FIG. 4. ANOTHER BRONZE STATUETTE OF AN ATHLETE SIMILAR BUT INFERIOR TO THAT OF FIG. 2. THIS ALSO DATES FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY AND WAS FOUND IN THE CIRCULAR PIT.



FIG. 5. A BRONZE BOAT, COMPLETE WITH CREW. LIKE FIG. 4, THIS WAS FOUND IN THE CIRCULAR PIT OUTSIDE THE PRECINCT. SIXTH CENTURY B.C. (Length, 3½ ins. [9.3 cm.])



FIG. 6. A BILLY GOAT OF BRONZE FULL OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, ORIGINALLY ATTACHED TO A BRONZE VESSEL. FROM THE ARCHAIC TEMPLE, SIXTH-CENTURY WORK (Length, 3½ ins. [9.3 cm.])



FIG. 7. EXEMPLIFYING PERHAPS THE BEST MODELLING OF ANIMAL FIGURES BY LATE ARCHAIC GREEK BRONZE SCULPTORS: PROBABLY FRAGMENTS FROM A RELIEF, PERHAPS A QUADRIGA.



FIG. 8. A MINIATURE DOLPHIN IN BRONZE, FROM THE DEBRIS OF THE ARCHAIC TEMPLE. THOUGH ONLY 1½ INS. (3.3 CM.) LONG, IT IS AS DETAILED AS A MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.

Continued. Palaimon we dug trial trenches in the theatre, and laid bare the walls of the west *parodos*. Here we found the marble head of an athlete (Fig. 3) wearing the Isthmian crown of pine. We also cleared a section of the Fortress of Justinian and discovered valuable ceramic evidence confirming

the date of its construction. Some 65½ yards (60 m.) of the wall and four of its towers, which had been buried beneath unsightly mounds of debris, have now been exposed to view. It is the best-preserved example of wall-building in Greece from Justinian's era.



THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER'S AMAZING ESCAPE: THE SMASHED REMAINS OF THE TURKISH AIRLINER BRINGING MR. MENDERES TO LONDON FOR THE CONFERENCE ON CYPRUS.

Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, staggered virtually uninjured from this wreckage when his aircraft, a Turkish Airlines *Viscount*, crashed in a wood shortly before it was due to touch-down at Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, on February 17. Fifteen of the twenty-five occupants of the aircraft lost their lives, including a Turkish Minister, a former Minister and the Prime Minister's principal private secretary. The party was flying from Istanbul for the Cyprus talks in London, and had been diverted from London Airport

because of fog. Mr. Menderes' *Viscount* was apparently about 1000 ft. lower than it ought to have been. There was only slight fog in the area, and it was making a "ground controlled approach," helped by radar, when the operator at the airport reported that the aircraft disappeared from the radar screen. Immediately afterwards it brushed against the treetops, carved a path through the wood, turned over and broke into several pieces. The wings and tail snapped off and much of the fuselage crumpled like paper.

Mr. Menderes was fortunately seated in the rear of the plane, and was able to scramble clear of the wreckage. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, living nearby, drove immediately to the scene. Three figures staggered towards them through the wood in a severe state of shock, clasping their heads in their hands. One of them said he was the Turkish Prime Minister, and begged them to bring help. Mrs. Bailey, a trained nurse, drove back to their farmhouse and made them lie down, while her father-in-law brought them brandy. She described

Mr. Menderes as "shocked and dreadfully ill." Shortly afterwards an ambulance drove the Turkish Prime Minister to the London Clinic, where he passed a comfortable night. Mr. Macmillan and the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, called to see Mr. Menderes in the evening, and the many telegrams of sympathy included messages from the Queen and Archbishop Makarios. The two sons of the Turkish Premier flew from Geneva the following day to see him. He was expected to be well in a few days.



were a crowded mass of flower-buds from end to end, and on every twig and side-branch. But it was evident that no matter how encouraging the weather might be, it would be several weeks



"A MOST WELCOME SIGHT WITH ITS DAINTY WHITE AND SOMETIMES PINK-TINGED FLOWERS IN FEBRUARY": ABELIOPHYLLUM DISTICHUM, A CLOSE KOREAN RELATION OF FORSYTHIA.

before my forsythia bush in the open garden could be in flower.

My gathered sprays, on the other hand, have thoroughly appreciated the comfort of a reasonably warm living-room. The buds developed in a miraculous way, and were very soon showing yellow, and to-day a fair sprinkling are fully open, whilst the hundreds of sharp-pointed buds are making a delightful show of gold, and are ready to unfold within a matter of hours. This performance has impressed upon me more strongly than ever before the immense value of forsythia, both as a shrub in the garden, and as a provider of cut flowers for the house, at a time of year when such flowers are at a premium. By "such" flowers I mean home-grown ones, from the open garden. If you have a greenhouse with moderate heat, then there need be no difficulty, nor is there any difficulty about plants and flowers from the florists' shops, and from barrow-boys at street corners—no difficulty that is, except in the matter of paying for them. Yes, a good forsythia bush in the garden can be a very present help during what must surely be the dourest time of all the year where flowers for the house are concerned.

My own forsythia was given to me as a minute rooted cutting seven or eight years ago. I planted it against the east wall of my house, and since then it has ramped to a height of about 20 ft.—and is still going strong. Apart from having its main stems loosely tied in to wires fixed to the wall, the bush has had no special attention. The only pruning it gets is the lopping off of sprays and branches in flower, for the house, and to give to friends. Once or twice great branches have made a nuisance of themselves by sprawling out across a nearby path, and so have had to be amputated. Otherwise, apart from having some of its main growths loosely tied in to the wall, the bush has been allowed to develop in a nice

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FORSYTHIAS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

untidy, natural manner, and when in full blossom it is a truly splendid display of rich gold. And its name? It was given to me as *Forsythia intermedia spectabilis*, and that I feel pretty sure is what it is, having studied the descriptions of all the various species and hybrids in Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," and of it Bean says: "In many respects the most beautiful forsythia."

It is not in every garden and situation that this forsythia could conveniently be grown in such a carefree way as mine enjoys, but in the circumstances I prefer it to the tidier ways of close-in, hard-pruned training that one often sees, though that is probably the best way in many cases, especially in towns. And that reminds me, the forsythias flourish wonderfully well in towns—even quite big ones like London. I feel fairly certain that it would not be difficult to grow this forsythia as a pot plant, kept small and compact, for bringing into the house when in flower. In fact, it would be a good plan to have several such specimens, which could be brought on in a greenhouse or cold-frame, some to flower early, in succession. Such dwarfed specimens would have a charm and character which cut branches arranged in water in a vase could never have.

The commonest of the forsythias is, I suppose, *F. suspensa*, which, with its rather rampant

sprawling habit, is excellent if given some otherwise unwanted tree into which it can climb, and over which it can drape itself. It can, too, be trained out over a wall, where it will cover almost any space, and make a wonderful show of blossom in due season.

It is surprising that such a popular and adaptable shrub has not been worked on by the plant-breeders, or, at any rate, does not seem to have been so tackled. Nor, so far as I know, has the family produced any striking variants. The appearance of a double-flowered variety would not be surprising, and would surely be very welcome, not only as being even more showy than the single-flowered type, but on account of the longer-lasting quality of the blossoms. And how pleasant paler-flowered varieties might be, butter-yellow and jersey cream colour, and even white. As to this suggestion of white in the family, there already exists a near relation of the forsythias with white flowers in the charming but little-known *Abeliophyllum distichum*, a fairly recent (1924) acquisition from Korea. The trouble with this species is that although it is perfectly hardy, it produces its flowers so early in the year that all too often they are destroyed or disfigured by frost. But if and when it is lucky enough to escape that fate it is a delightful little shrub.



"A TRULY SPLENDID DISPLAY OF RICH GOLD": A FINE BUSH OF FORSYTHIA INTERMEDIA SPECTABILIS, A SHRUB WITH MANY MERITS, NOT THE LEAST BEING ITS POWER OF FLOURISHING IN LONDON.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

I have a specimen growing on the west side of my house. It stands about 3 ft. high, and is a most welcome sight with its dainty white and sometimes pink-tinged flowers in February. But the chances of their escaping damage and disfigurement by frost at that treacherous time of year are a decidedly chancy gamble. One can, however, reduce the odds against enjoying *Abeliophyllum's* charm by gathering branches when the buds are nearing the point of opening, and allowing them to do their final development, in water, in the house. But how fatally easy it is to forget to do this, and how annoying to find that the silly things have risked all, opened—and perished.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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IN LONDON AND LIVERPOOL: AN EXHIBITION AND A LOAN COLLECTION.



"SAN VIGILIO, LAKE GARDA," BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT, PAINTED IN 1913. A LARGE AND COLOURFUL CANVAS FROM THE EXHIBITION AT TOOTH'S. (Oil on canvas; 28 by 72 ins.)



"ORCHIDS, LILIES AND PALMS," BY STANLEY SPENCER, ONE OF SEVERAL OF HIS WORKS ON VIEW AT TOOTH'S. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 20 ins.)



"THE GITANA," BY AUGUSTUS JOHN. THE EXHIBITION "TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY" ALSO INCLUDES WORKS BY STEER AND EPSTEIN. (Oil on canvas; 18 by 12 ins.)



"(?) AGOSTINO PALLAVICINI," A SPLENDID PORTRAIT BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641) IN THE HEYWOOD-LONSDALE LOAN WHICH IS NOW IN THE WALKER GALLERY, LIVERPOOL. (Oil on canvas; 84 by 55 ins.)



"BOORS PLAYING A GAME," BY JAN STEEN (1626-1697): A SIGNED PAINTING FROM THE LOAN COLLECTION AT LIVERPOOL. (Oil on panel; 19½ by 24½ ins.)



"A GUARDROOM WITH SOLDIERS," BY THE FLEMISH ARTIST DAVID TENIERS (1610-1690): ONE OF SEVERAL VERSIONS IN EXISTENCE. (Oil on panel; 23½ by 36½ ins.)

The Heywood-Lonsdale loan of twenty-three paintings to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, constitutes a new step in the Gallery's policy and has greatly enriched its collection for an indefinite period of time. Thanks to Lieut.-Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale, a number of important artists, particularly Dutch, are now represented there for the first time.

The loan includes three Jacob Ruysdaels, two Jan Steens, and works by Hobbema, Teniers, Wouwermans and others. The three paintings illustrated on this page are among the most interesting. Van Dyck's magnificent portrait "(?) Agostino Pallavicini," a very large canvas, is one of the artist's most impressive and acclaimed works.

THE FREE WORLD'S LARGEST ICE-BREAKER: U.S.S. *GLACIER* IN THE ROSS SEA.

AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF U.S.S. *GLACIER* IN THE ROSS SEA. *GLACIER* HAS A FULL LOAD DISPLACEMENT OF 8775 TONS AND WAS LAUNCHED IN AUGUST 1951.



MAKING HER WAY THROUGH ICE IN THE ROSS SEA: THE FREE WORLD'S LARGEST ICE-BREAKER, U.S.S. *GLACIER*, SEEN FROM THE AIR AND SHOWING THE HELICOPTER DECK ASTERN.

The increasing importance of Antarctica—and Great Britain's large share in this continent—have been put forward as conclusive reasons for this country's need to build a large ice-breaker and a number of smaller ones. Certainly U.S.S. *Glacier*, which is described as the free world's largest and most powerful ice-breaker, has recently been very busy in the Ross Sea and elsewhere.

In mid-January she was engaged in rescuing five men stranded in the Weddell Sea, and later moved on to assist the Norwegian ice-breaker, *Polarhav* (658 tons) which was relieving the Belgian Antarctic expedition at King Baudouin's Station. *Polarhav* had been stuck in pack-ice 30 miles from this base since the end of December; and *Glacier* was able to free her on February 5.

PLUMBING THE SECRETS OF THE ANTARCTIC ICE BY MEANS OF AN OIL DRILL.

THE scientific examination of the Antarctic to which the International Geophysical Year gave an especial impetus, takes many forms; and these two photographs, recently taken at Little America, the headquarters of "Operation Deep Freeze IV," are concerned with the S.I.P.R.E., or Snow Ice Permafrost Research Establishment. This is research devoted to examining the nature of the immense ice cap which permanently covers most of the continent. Among the methods used is the drilling-rig, like that used in oil exploration, which brings up a series of ice cores. These reveal a regular stratification, the nature of the ice varying according to the time of year it came into being, and intrusive layers of sinter indicate periods of volcanic activity by Mount Erebus.



INVESTIGATING THE DEPTHS OF ANTARCTIC ICE: A DRILLING-RIG USED TO BRING ICE CORES FROM AS DEEP AS 700 FT.



THE LEADER OF A "DEEP-DRILLING" PROJECT AT LITTLE AMERICA EXAMINING ICE CORES BROUGHT UP FROM MORE THAN 500 FT.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE MOSAICS AT ST. MARK'S—A REVIEW.*

I AM unquestionably a low type of heretic. I find the exterior of this great church fascinating and magical and out of this world, as wonderful as it obviously was to Gentile Bellini when he painted it in the fifteenth century—for that see his Procession of the Cross in the Academia, Venice. Inside I find it dark and slightly sinister, redolent of old bones and unwashed multitudes and the odour of sanctity,

The mosaics, according to the chronicles, were begun in 1071, and additions were made to them, and by many different hands, during the next 400 years and more. The church itself began modestly enough as a simple brick edifice. It was once held that originally it was in the usual form of a basilica, but this theory would appear to have been discarded as a result of recent excavations; there is general agreement now—I am trying to sum up briefly the main part of the story—that the structure was centralised from the very beginning. In other words, it was planned on the lines of "the solemn magnificence and radiance of Hagia Sophia and the Church of the Apostles in Constantinople," and did not repeat the usual plan already known at Torcello. It was the Doge, Domenico Contarini (1060-1070), who decided to make the church more sumptuous and impressive, in all respects worthy of the new power of Venice.

As to its dedication to St. Mark, the group of islands from which Venice grew "enjoyed the protection of the Byzantine saint, Theodore. . . . The growing ambitions of Venice meant that the protection of the Byzantine saint was no longer adequate. . . . In 828 two traders secretly carried off the body of St. Mark from Alexandria in Egypt. It was brought to Venice with great pomp." Thus is history made, thus are symbols created. New wealth and new power came to Venice as the result of her participation in the fourth Crusade and in what the authors magnificently describe as the "fortunate" capture of Constantinople in 1204; an episode which, from another point of view, can also be labelled as one of the more piratical exploits ever successfully carried out by Christians against Christians.

There also came to Venice at this time much booty, including the four famous bronze horses. Had not the Venetians taken part in the sack of Constantinople in 1204 these horses would very probably have been destroyed by the Turks two and a half centuries later, so some good perhaps came out of evil. I must quote once again, "In the process of restoration it has been possible to determine certain techniques of the ancient mosaicists. It was learned for the first time that these early artists, after having drawn the outlines of the design on the first layer of squared cement, a practice known also at Ravenna and Monreale, applied a second layer consisting of marble dust and pebblestone lime. The whole scene was then painted in full colour and, while the cement was still soft, this was translated into mosaic by the master himself and his assistants. In other words, the scene in fresco was immediately and directly replaced by an enduring ornament of marble tesserae and enamels."

A little later the point is made that "every element in the decoration of St. Mark's is actually a pretext for colour, so much so that though covered with marble and mosaic, the structural parts seem to lose their function and become purely decorative"—which perhaps is why some of us, schooled in a more Northern tradition, are not so enamoured of the building as our Italian friends think we ought to be. Yet the details, as revealed in the colour-plates in this volume, are fine enough in all conscience, once—and I must repeat this again—once you can put Ravenna

to the back of your mind; and you can, of course, by this lazy means study them without straining either eyes or neck muscles. (I always find staring at high walls and ceilings exhausting and exasperating.) Thus it requires more than ordinary concentration to study carefully the story of the Creation within one of the domes of the narthex (that is, the western vestibule); with the aid of a full-page plate and several details in colour it is possible to appreciate this remarkable composition, which was, it seems, begun early in the thirteenth century.

These scenes are so close to the fragments of a late fifth- or early sixth-century Bible in the British Museum that it has been suggested that the mosaicists may have had it directly before them as a model, or else a copy of it. In any case, the treatment goes back to a very ancient tradition, for there is a new angel for each day of the Creation and on the last day the Creator—a young, beardless Christ—is accompanied by the six as he blesses the seventh. Then there is a scene which is also found in the British Museum fragments: the Creator shapes Adam from clay and breathes into him the breath of life, symbolised by a little child with butterfly wings—that is, a "psyche" or soul in the manner of Hellenistic imagery. There are other classical echoes elsewhere, notably a series of Virtues, lively girls if not exactly beauties—Charity (Caritas) alone is quietly pensive; the remainder are very nearly actually moving, while Humility is dancing gaily, and is obviously derived from some



GOD GIVING CLOTHING TO EVE: ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BOOK ON THE MOSAICS OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE.

and not all its admirable mosaics, both within and without, can reconcile me to it. But in self-defence—if self-defence in such a case is possible—I must state that I came to it, as it were, the wrong way round; that is, straight from Ravenna, and, to my way of thinking, once a man has seen the fifth- and sixth-century mosaics there, he is liable to take but a modest pleasure in the much later mosaics in Venice. For this obtuseness I was, on that occasion, very properly and engagingly rebuked by Mr. Bernard Berenson, who, at that time only in his ninetieth year, was encountered studying those same mosaics with the enjoyment of apparently perpetual youth.

Herewith a folio volume with forty-four magnificent colour-plates and thirty-two text illustrations which, if anything can, should bring me to a more understanding frame of mind; the text, very well translated, is by Pietro Toesca and Ferdinando Forlati. The former is responsible for the commentary on the mosaics themselves, the latter for a brief history of the building as a whole. The text presupposes a certain familiarity with both the history of Venice and of the fabric of the church, and for most readers the narrative would be easier to follow if the authors had taken the trouble to elucidate it with a table of the chief events in the chequered story and of the main building alterations and the various theories about them.

There seems to be no absolute certainty about either the mosaics themselves or the structure.

* "The Mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice." Illustrated. (George Rainbird; £7 7s.)



A DETAIL FROM THE STORY OF NOAH IN THE NARTHEX OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, SHOWING NOAH RELEASING THE DOVE OVER THE DELUGE. ALSO FROM THIS SUMPTUOUSLY ILLUSTRATED VOLUME.

The two pictures from the book reviewed here are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Rainbird.

Mænad of a half-forgotten Bacchanal of the distant past.

As is invariably the case with almost anything, whether sculpture, illuminated manuscript, fresco, stained glass or mosaic, birds and beasts are beautifully observed, from the donkey bearing the Virgin to Bethlehem to the creatures—pelicans, cranes, geese, the raven, *et al*—which decorate the story of Noah and the Flood. No less impressive than the colour is the sober simplicity of the designs, the understatement by which, for example, a vine is stripped of much of its leaves and yet remains a vine—and more than a vine, a lovely flowing arabesque, the essence of all vines that ever grew.



A SADDLE AND TRAPPINGS MADE FOR JAMES II IN 1686: ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH EMBROIDERY AT THE CITY MUSEUM, BIRMINGHAM.



AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HAWKING SET, WORKED IN GOLD AND SILVER AND COLOURED SILKS ON LEATHER: SOME OF THE FINE EXHIBITS.



A PORTRAIT OF FRANCES, COUNTESS OF ESSEX, IN THE STYLE OF ISAAC OLIVER (1568-1617). SHE IS WEARING AN EMBROIDERED NIGHT-RAIL OR NIGHT-GOWN.

BRITISH EMBROIDERY AT ITS BEST: A FINE EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM.



DETAIL OF A PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, SHOWN AT HER TOILET WITH AN INSCRIBED COMB, JEWELLERY, PINS, AND IN AN EMBROIDERED DRESS.

A FASCINATING exhibition of British embroidery from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries is on view at the Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, until the end of March. The chances of seeing another such collection in a lifetime are probably remote; and among those who have lent exhibits to this exhibition are the Queen, the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Bodleian Library. A number of private collectors have also contributed. Among the exhibits is a group of portraits, mostly of the early seventeenth century, which show the lavish extent that needlework was used in rich costume of the time. Some of the finest work comes from the Tudor and Stuart periods. Domestic needlework was an important part of a noble Tudor household, where professional embroiderers would often be permanently employed to furnish the rooms and adorn the clothing of the lady of the house. Costume embroidery became particularly sumptuous in Stuart times. Women wore magnificent stomachers and aprons, while men prided themselves, as so often, on their waistcoats.



A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MIRROR WITH CLOSED SHUTTERS OF COLOURED SILKS ON SATIN. THE SCENE IS A HUMOROUS ATTEMPT TO DEPICT LIFE ON AN AMERICAN PLANTATION.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DO SLEEPING DOGS (AND CATS) LIE?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FROM time to time, I am asked my opinion on whether animals dream. The number of times this has happened over the last ten years, either in the course of conversation or in correspondence, is fairly high. Therefore it may be presumed that many other people ask the same question. I have always preferred to evade this question, which is dialectically dangerous, but having once more had the question put to me, it seems worth while to attempt an answer.

was that if one applies an electric stimulus to a particular spot on the brain of an anesthetized dog or cat, the animal will twitch its hind-leg. If the stimulus is applied to another spot, it will twitch its fore-leg. So it is possible to map the brain, to show which centres control the motor activity of the limbs, the ears, the tail, the vocal cords, and the rest.

The whole thing bears a resemblance to that common experience of tickling a particular spot on a dog's flank and seeing the hind-leg move in a scratching movement. The speaker inferred that when we see a dog or a cat moving in its sleep it does not follow that the animal is 'dreaming' but that certain centres of the brain are being stimulated. He did, however, leave us in complete ignorance of the causes of the stimulation or the nature of the stimuli.

It is appropriate to quote from the most recent letter, from Miss Joyce Jones: "I would like to ask your opinion of cats' dreams. I suppose we have all seen them, fast asleep, with paws and whiskers wildly twitching, sometimes with teeth bared and emitting low growls. But one of my

cat quoted—"a light tenor version" of the purr as compared with the normal "full-throated baritone." Fourthly, they are of short duration.

So far, the outward signs do not differ significantly from the movements made during dream-periods by human beings, who may dream without showing any bodily movement; but if they do, it reflects their personality, is a ghost of the normal movements when awake, and the whole is of short duration. Equally, there is nothing to contradict the idea that the movements made by animals during sleep may not be due to autochthonous stimulation of separate centres of the brain.

It is, however, in the extreme instances that the clearest clue may be obtained. Occasionally a dog will, while fully asleep, so behave that he appears to be actively hunting a quarry. All four legs will twitch convulsively and so will the muscles of the body. The ears will twitch and the dog will give suppressed yelps of excitement. It needs only a slight extension of all these to put the dog on its feet racing over the ground and barking as he pursues something.

There is another point on these occasions which may or may not be significant. Our chief sense-organ is our eyes. In dreaming, these are shut and out of action, but we experience within the brain a visual picture. The chief sense organ of a dog is his nose, and in these dreams the nostrils seldom twitch. If the parallel is valid, the nostrils are out of action and we might, not unreasonably, assume that the dog is experiencing a smell-picture.

There is, moreover, a further extension to this. A young dog, towards the end of the puppy-stage, will on occasion behave as if he were hunting. He will, then, rush about through the grass and



SOUND ASLEEP OR DREAMING OF A TASTY MOUSE? THE TWITCHINGS AND VOCAL NOISES MADE BY CATS AND DOGS DURING SLEEP SUGGEST THEY MAY BE DREAMING LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

My impression is that this is one of those subjects on which the scientific world and the non-scientific world are sharply at variance. Having made this statement I must try to justify it, which is not easy. First of all, using "impression" in this context means that I have an indistinct or indefinite idea about it. Secondly, I would not like to have to say precisely what constitutes the scientific world and what are the boundaries of the non-scientific world. What I mean is perhaps best expressed in this way, that if I put this question to a professional zoologist I should expect an emphatically negative reply. It does not follow that I should get it but I should expect it. On the other hand, in putting the question to a non-zoologist I should expect either a reply in the affirmative or a confession that he did not know.

Like any other person, I have been interested over the years in my own dreams. They are roughly of three kinds. The greater part of them can on analysis be related to personal experiences in waking hours or to unfulfilled wishes. The remaining minority can be divided between those due to unwise eating habits and, much more rarely, those that are precognitive, in which coming events have been clearly forecast during sleep. I should expect to exclude the last in dealing with animals. But having classified my own dreams, however crudely, suggests to me that dreams may be of various kinds and due to different causes.

What, then, can we say of the possibility that some of the higher animals have dreams? First of all, whoever raises the question has in mind, primarily, cats and dogs, because those are the animals we have the most opportunity of watching when they sleep. Secondly, the only competent person to give an opinion is the animal psychologist or, if there is such a person, the animal psychiatrist. The rest of us can only deal with the question on a rule-of-thumb basis.

A few years ago I heard a speaker at a scientific meeting say, quite categorically, in introducing his subject, that animals do not dream. He took the matter no further than this, but proceeded to give us an account of his own researches. This



DR. BURTON'S BOXER CROSS JASON ASLEEP IN THE GARDEN. IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK, DR. BURTON DISCUSSES THE POSSIBILITY OF CATS AND DOGS DREAMING DURING SLEEP.

tom-cats... is the only cat I have ever heard purr in his sleep. He purrs very readily when awake, and always 'says grace' before meals when the others are crying for theirs. His purr when asleep is a quick, light tenor version of his usual full-throated baritone, and lasts for only a short time."

My own observations have been mainly, but not exclusively, on dogs; and I have deliberately watched them over a period of some years now, in the hope of seeing some positive evidence on this point. Such tentative conclusions as I have drawn from them are, for the most part, implied in the words of the letter just quoted. They may be set forth as follows. First, that the physical manifestations made by animals during sleep vary with the individual. And they seem to be consistent for the individual. Thus, one dog may, over a long period, "dream" frequently, while another seems never to show any signs of it. Secondly, the movements made reflect the known personality of the animal. Thirdly, they are only a suggestion of the waking activities, as with the

the bracken showing all the movements of hunting an elusive quarry. It is, however, pure play. There is no quarry present, the dog's actions are all too quick to be the result of his having picked up a scent and thus been stimulated "to go through the motions." On the contrary, the whole performance has the appearance of make-believe, of the kind which, in children, is very near to an animated day-dream.

It seems that there can be no clear-cut answer to this question, nor any justification for a categorical denial or acceptance. Arguing from first principles, there is no reason why dogs and cats should not be capable of dreaming, but if so, their dreams would bear the same ratio to ours that their mental capacities bear to ours. For the rest, one can only say that if animals do not dream, they appear to be doing so, and since we are dealing with a phenomenon almost impossible to prove or disprove by laboratory techniques, those who base their opinions on watching the animals are in as good a position to give a verdict as anyone.

SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A DISTINGUISHED CAREER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Colonel Sir Ralph Verney died on February 22, aged seventy-nine. The son of an M.P., he served in the Army from 1900 until 1921, when he was appointed Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, a post he held until 1955. A courteous and able man, he was knighted for his services to the Crown in 1918, and was created a baronet in 1946.



TO RETIRE: MR. MORRISON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. W. S. Morrison, Speaker of the House of Commons and Conservative Member for Cirencester and Tewkesbury, Glos., since 1929, announced on February 19 that, for medical reasons, he would retire at the next general election. He had a large majority in a straight contest in the last general election.



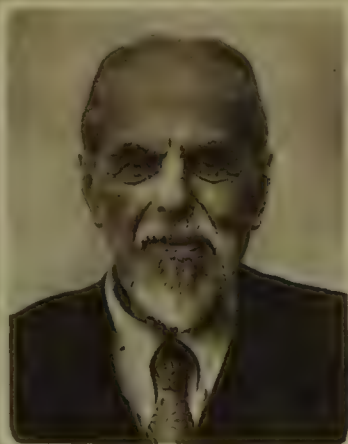
TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE WATERS TRIBUNAL: LORD SORN.

Lord Sorn, a senior judge of the Court of Session, is to be Chairman of the tribunal to inquire into the allegation that John Waters, aged sixteen, was assaulted by two police constables at Thurso in 1957. Sir James Robertson, Rector of Aberdeen Grammar School, and Mr. J. N. Dandie, President of the Law Society of Scotland, are also on the Tribunal.



A W.R.A.F. APPOINTMENT: GROUP OFFICER CONAN DOYLE.

Group Officer J. L. A. Conan Doyle, daughter of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, has been appointed Inspector of the Women's Royal Air Force, a post she has held previously. She leaves her present appointment as Commanding Officer, R.A.F. Station, Hawkinge, Kent.



A NOTED AUTHOR AND PLAY-WRIGHT DIES: MR. L. HOUSMAN.

Mr. Laurence Housman, a noted and versatile author and playwright, died aged ninety-three on Feb. 20. A younger brother of the late A. E. Housman, he first studied art, later turning to writing. His works ranged from satire to fairy-tales, his plays about Queen Victoria being among his best-known dramatic pieces.

Portrait by Allan Chappelov.



MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PREMIER, SMILING AFTER HIS FIRST OUTING FROM THE LONDON CLINIC. Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, had his first outing from the London Clinic on Feb. 23 and was expected to be discharged the following day. He was admitted after the airliner in which he was flying to London crashed near Gatwick.



ANOTHER CHANGE OF POWER IN CUBA: THE BEARDED DR. FIDEL CASTRO SIGNING THE INSTRUMENT OF OFFICE TO BECOME PRIME MINISTER.

Following the resignation of the entire Cuban Cabinet on February 13, President Urrutia named the young revolutionary hero, Dr. Fidel Castro, as the new Prime Minister in succession to Señor Cardona, who is seen standing behind his bearded successor. On Dr. Castro's right, waiting to sign, is President Urrutia. The new Prime Minister affirmed that he had no ambitions to become President.



THE NEW HUNGARIAN MINISTER SETTING OUT FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH HIS WIFE.

On February 11 the new Hungarian Minister to Great Britain, Mr. Bela Szilagyi, was received in audience by the Queen and presented his Letters of Credence. His wife, seen leaving the Legation with him, was also received by the Queen.



THIRTY-THREE YEARS A MUSEUM DIRECTOR: MR. GODWIN.

Mr. Blake-More Godwin, who has retired as Director of the Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, has been elected a Vice-President of the Museum. During his thirty-three years in the post he has organised many exhibitions and helped build up what is said to be the most representative collection of contemporary British Art in the United States.



A VERSATILE INDUSTRIALIST: THE LATE SIR G. BEHARRELL.

Sir George Beharrell, an acknowledged authority on transport and a leading figure in the rubber industry, died on February 20, aged eighty-five. During the First World War he did outstanding work in mobilisation and despatch of soldiers, and later held a number of other vital posts. He was Chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Co. for over twenty years.

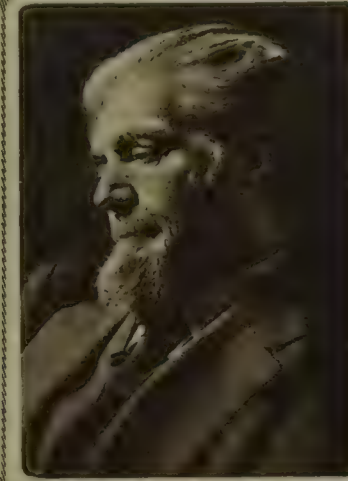


TO BE ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO THE FORCES: GEN. SIR H. STOCKWELL. General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, is to be Adjutant-General to the Forces from August, it was announced recently. Commander of the land forces in the Suez operation, he has since supervised the running down of the Army's officer strength. He has the distinction, as a general, of not having been through the Staff College.



DEATH OF A FORMER GOVERNOR AND C.-IN-C., GIBRALTAR.

Lieut.-General Sir Ralph Eastwood died in Cannes on February 15, aged sixty-eight. During the 1914-18 war he fought at Gallipoli and in France and Belgium. His posts during the Second World War included that of Inspector-General of the Home Guard. In 1941 he was appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.



A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIST: THE LATE MR. T. L. ECKERSLEY.

Mr. T. L. Eckersley, a brilliant research worker in the field of radio wave propagation, died on February 15, aged seventy-two. He joined the Marconi Company in 1919, and undertook much distinguished pioneer research. During the Second World War he was on the staff of the Air Ministry, and his theories greatly aided the development of radar.

FROM THE BELGIAN STRIKE TO THE N.A. 39—NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



DURING THE STRIKE IN BELGIUM, INVOLVING 100,000 MINERS: RAILWAY TRUCKS, BEARING SLOGANS, PLACED ACROSS A ROAD.



ANOTHER SCENE DURING THE WIDESPREAD STRIKE IN BELGIUM: ARMED POLICE AMONG A DENSE CROWD OF STRIKERS.

The recent strike in Belgium, involving about 100,000 miners, arose from a dispute over the closing of five mines in the Borinage area, which in turn resulted from the setting up of the European Coal and Steel Community. Cheaper coal than could be produced in Belgium was being supplied from Germany and Holland. Protective restrictions on free trade in coal were sought by Belgium.



PRESIDENT TITO ON A CAMEL: A SCENE DURING THE YUGOSLAV PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO SUDAN.

During his seven-day official visit to Sudan, President Tito and his wife went for short rides on camels when they attended a tribal gathering at El Obeid, capital of western Sudan, with President Abboud. President Tito departed for Egypt on February 18.



ON HIS WAY TO MR. ONASSIS' YACHT *CHRISTINA* FOR AN ATLANTIC CRUISE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE MOROCCAN FISHING PORT OF SAFI.

On February 19 Sir Winston and Lady Churchill left their hotel in Marrakesh for Safi. They were to board the yacht *Christina*, owned by Mr. Onassis, the Greek shipping magnate, for a cruise in the Atlantic, which was to take them to the Canary Islands. After this, they were expected to continue their holiday in Monaco. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill arrived at Las Palmas on Feb. 22, and later toured Grand Canary Island.



SIR WINSTON, WITH MR. ONASSIS (LEFT), ADJUSTS HIS TRINITY HOUSE CAP AS THEY PREPARE TO EMBARK IN THE YACHT *CHRISTINA* AT SAFI.



(Left.) THE QUEEN, WITH SIR ANTHONY BLUNT (RIGHT) AND SIR KENNETH CLARK, FAR LEFT, DISCUSSING A PAINTING DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT RECENTLY TO THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART AND THE INSTITUTE GALLERIES OF LONDON UNIVERSITY.

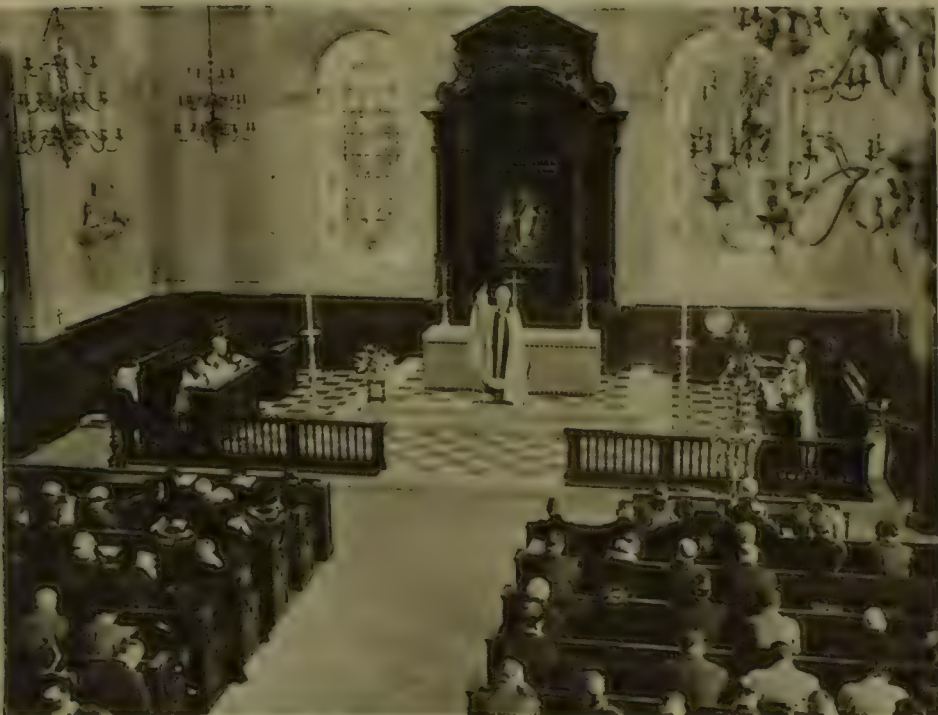
To the left, her Majesty is seen during her visit on Feb. 19 to the Courtauld Institute of Art, Portman Square, and the Courtauld Institute Galleries of the University of London at Woburn Square. Sir Anthony Blunt is Professor of the History of Art in the University of London, and Director of the Courtauld Institute. Sir Kenneth Clark is Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain—an appointment he received in 1953.



DURING A VISIT TO BRITAIN RECENTLY: OFFICERS OF THE R.C.A.F. WATCHING THE CUTTING OF WING SKINS FOR THE BLACKBURN N.A. 39.

A team from Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, recently visited Britain to investigate the new Blackburn N.A. 39 low-level strike aircraft. Sqdn.-Ldr. T. R. Futer, leader of the team, is seen talking with Mr. Tom Bancroft, right, Production Director, Blackburn and General Aircraft Ltd.

IN ENGLAND: CEREMONIES; AND INNOVATIONS IN FUEL AND TRANSPORT.



A COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE IN LONDON FOR BERMUDA'S 350TH ANNIVERSARY AS A BRITISH COLONY: BISHOP JAGOE, FORMER BISHOP OF BERMUDA, GIVING THE BLESSING. In 1609, the British flagship *Sea Venture* was wrecked on Bermuda, which led to the colonisation of the island. A commemorative service was held in St. Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall on February 19, attended by descendants of original colonists, to celebrate the 350th anniversary.



A MEMORIAL CEREMONY IN LONDON FOR THE FIFTEEN TURKISH VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER WHICH BEFELL MR. MENDERES' AIRCRAFT ON FEBRUARY 17. In the London rain the solemn cortège passes the Turkish Embassy and the Grenadier Guards Band, during the memorial ceremony held in honour of the fifteen people killed when the aircraft bringing the Turkish Prime Minister for the Cyprus talks crashed near London.



THE FIRST CARGO OF LIQUID GAS ARRIVES IN ENGLAND FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO ABOARD THE *METHANE PIONEER*, A SPECIALLY CONVERTED TANKER.



THE CONVERTED TANKER *METHANE PIONEER* ANCHORED AT CANVEY ISLAND. ITS 2000-TON LOAD OF LIQUID GAS CAN SUPPLY 1000 HOMES FOR A YEAR. The 3000-ton converted tanker *Methane Pioneer* is the first ship to transport a cargo of liquid natural gas. Owned by British Methane Ltd., its function is to supplement British stocks of gas which may run short because of the lack of gas-producing coal.



TO DRILL FOR OIL IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, THE *ORIENT EXPLORER*, BRITAIN'S FIRST MOBILE OIL DRILLING PLATFORM, AFTER LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR NORTH BORNEO. The *Orient Explorer* has been built by Steel Structures Ltd., at Southampton, and hired to the Brunei Shell Petroleum Co., in order to continue exploration drilling for oil off Borneo. She is now being towed on her 9200-mile voyage which takes her through the Suez Canal.



AT PONDERS END, MIDDLESEX, A NEW LOCK ON THE RIVER LEE IS CEREMONIALLY OPENED. IT IS PART OF A £6,000,000 DEVELOPMENT SCHEME. Sir Reginald Kerr, General Manager of British Transport Waterways, stands (third from left) on the deck of the barge *Whitelady*, during the opening ceremony of one of the Ponders End locks. It forms part of an extensive plan to cope with increasing water traffic.

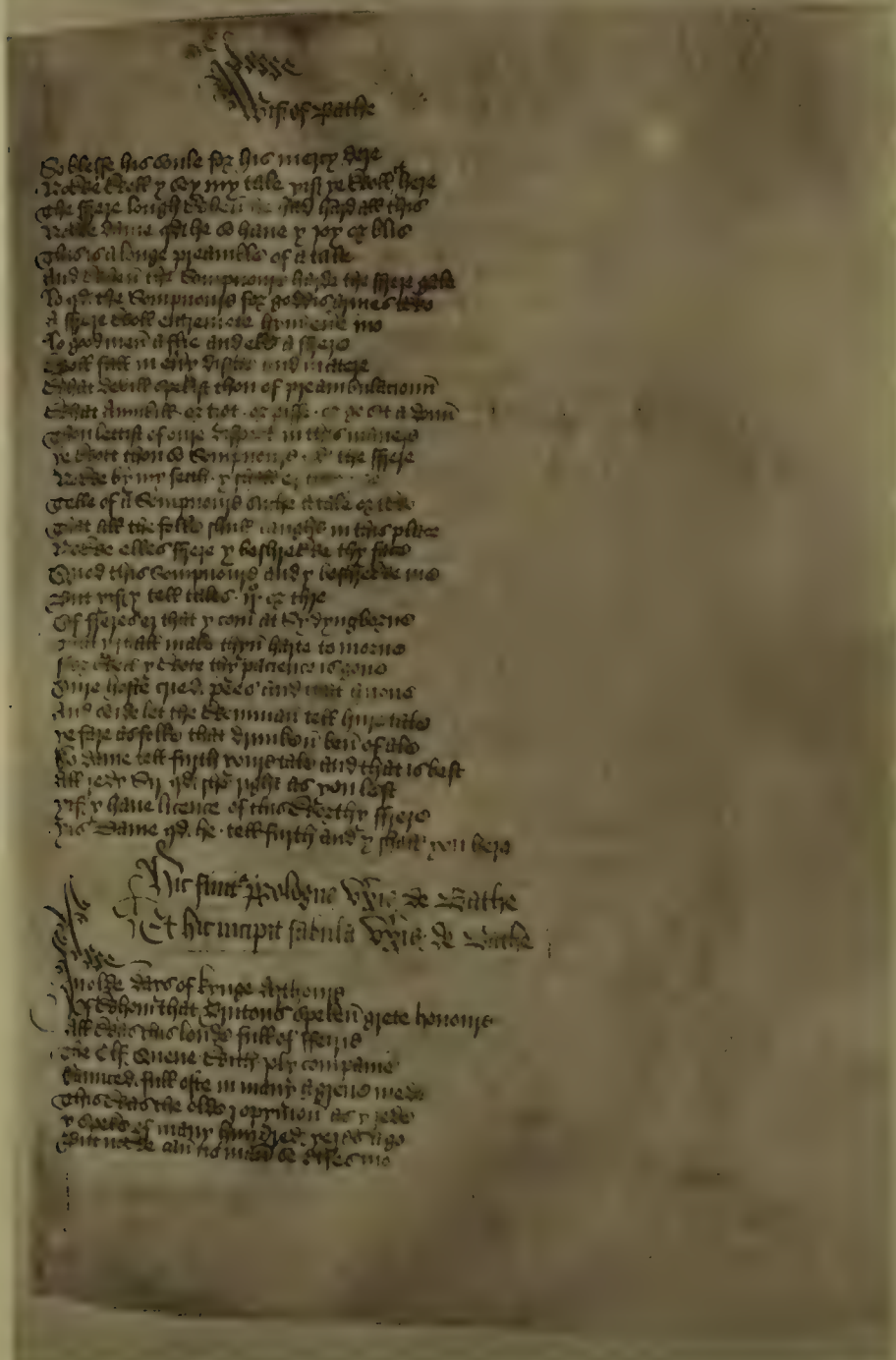
FROM LONDON, DARTMOOR AND SCOTLAND: VARIED NEWS.



MILTON CLOSE, THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S FIRST HOME SPECIALLY BUILT FOR BLIND PEOPLE, WHICH WAS OPENED ON FEBRUARY 20.
The opening of Milton Close, in Swaffield Road, London, S.W.18, was performed by Mrs. Eleanor K. Goodrich, Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C. The building will house fifty-one blind people, and will meet, in particular, the needs of the blind who are also infirm.



DALMUIR BASIN, CLYDEBANK, SCOTLAND: THE SCENE DURING THE COMMISSIONING, AFTER MODERNISATION, OF H.M.S. CAPRICE ON FEBRUARY 18.
The destroyer *Caprice*, one of the "C" group of destroyers of emergency war design, has been undergoing modernisation lasting two years. Vice-Admiral J. D. Luce was present at the commissioning, and is one of the three officers inspecting the ship's company in the photograph.



PART OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT OF CHAUCER'S "CANTERBURY TALES" WHICH WAS SOLD AT SOTHEY'S ON FEBRUARY 23 TO AN AMERICAN FOR £15,200.
In a sale of Books, Manuscripts and Autograph Letters at Sotheby's on February 23, a rare manuscript of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," written about 1450, was sold for £15,200. The buyer was Mr. H. P. Kraus, who last November purchased some of these finest of the famous Dyson Perrins illuminated manuscripts for record prices. This manuscript is known as the Brudenell Chaucer codex, and has been in the Brudenell family at least since the late sixteenth century, and possibly since it was written over a hundred years before that. In 1390 Edmund Brudenell presided at the trial of the men who robbed Chaucer, and on his death in 1425 he left "all my books" to his nephew. So it is known that possessions of this kind were in the family in Chaucer's time. Mr. Kraus also paid £7200 for five leaves from a manuscript of the Gospel in Latin.



SMOKE RISING FROM DARTMOOR PRISON DURING A RECENT FIRE IN THE MAT-MAKING WORKSHOP. THE FIRE WAS SOON EXTINGUISHED.
Fire broke out in the mat-making shop at Dartmoor Prison on February 21. The fire, which was quickly extinguished, caused part of the shop roof to fall in and damaged a number of beams. An investigation was afterwards to be held. Firemen from as far as Plymouth fought the blaze.



TO BECOME THE COMMONWEALTH CENTRE IN LONDON: MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, TRADITIONAL HOME OF THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OR THE QUEEN MOTHER.
Marlborough House, while remaining a Royal palace and keeping its present name, is to be adapted to form the Commonwealth centre in London. It will serve chiefly as a meeting-place for the conferences of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

PREHISTORIC ELEPHANTS OF THREE CAPITALS—MADRID, ROME AND LONDON.



DROWNED PERHAPS 80,000 YEARS AGO: THE SKULL OF A HUGE PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT DISCOVERED IN A SAND-PIT IN THE MANZANARES VALLEY, NEAR MADRID.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT SKULL RECENTLY DISCOVERED DURING SAND EXCAVATION NEAR MADRID.



HERE THE FULL LENGTH OF THE TUSKS—ABOUT 9 FT.—CAN BE SEEN AS THEY ARE BEING PREPARED WITH PLASTIC FOR EVENTUAL LIFTING.



A RECONSTRUCTION (FROM OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 14, 1958) OF THE STRAIGHT-TUSKED ELEPHANT WHICH LIVED IN LONDON 100,000 YEARS AGO.



THE TUSKS AND SKULL OF A HUGE PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT, UNEARTHED TWO MILES FROM THE VATICAN CITY BY A BULLDOZER DURING RECENT ROAD WORKS.

In our issue of June 14 last year we published a reconstruction drawing of prehistoric animals which roamed the site of London 100,000 years ago and included a straight-tusked elephant (*Palaeoloxodon antiquus*). A fortnight later we reported the discovery of a huge elephant skull near Madrid; and we now report yet another elephant skull, an exceptionally fine specimen of a huge young female (possibly *Elephas antiquus matritensis*), also discovered very



ONE OF THE TEETH OF THE PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT FOUND AT ROME. ABOUT 18 CMS. (7 INS.) OF THE RULER PLACED FOR COMPARISON ARE VISIBLE.

recently in the Manzanares Valley. River pebbles were found in the nasal passages and this suggests that the animal was drowned. It is being carefully preserved *in situ* and will be lifted later. Also recently a bulldozer working on a new road in Rome, two miles from the Vatican City, uncovered the skull of a very large prehistoric elephant. It is not yet known if the skeleton of the body survives in this case.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PUTTING IT DIFFERENTLY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I COULD not help being glad—though not for the cause—that the Old Vic had changed its intended Strindberg revival to Molière. "Miss Julie," for me, is an unpalatable spoonful from the Witches' cauldron. "Tartuffe," on the other side, is a prize that we get rarely,

The Old Vic company found the massaged text congenial, and this "Tartuffe," after a certain stickiness at the opening, climbed easily to the unmasking of the direst hypocrite on record. Derek Francis let the fellow slide down a track compounded nicely of oil and butter. Most important, he made a big enough figure of the man. You cannot have a miniature Tartuffe.

He must loom in the mind with (in Lytton Strachey's pleasant exaggeration) something of "the horrible greatness that Milton's Satan might have had if he had come to live with a bourgeois family in seventeenth-century France." I don't say that Mr. Francis reminds me of Satan; but he does loom, and in this version he is never in danger of lockjaw.

There are several alert performances in Douglas Seale's production (we realise again how good and unforced a director Mr. Seale is), and two other capital ones: Pauline Jameson as the wife, with the glow of Paris in her eyes; and Christine Finn as the maid who is the perfect soubrette. But

I do not much like the Orgon. The man is so credulous that it is difficult to humanise him; for me the present actor, in a curiously rough performance, never even begins to be real. A pity, for at the end, realising his error, he should impress himself upon us like the Shakespearian figure of the "spider in the cup" and the drinker who, reaching "th' abhorred ingredient," must "crack his gorge, his sides, with violent hefts."

I have jumped to "Tartuffe" without speaking, as I should have spoken first, of the prime joy of the night: Malleeson's own performance of Sganarelle in the little Molière farce of that name with which the programme opens. Sganarelle is a Parisian in a perpetual state of astonishment, a bewildered huff-and-puff. Everybody is astonished; no one so violently as the husband. The one thing he can do is to share his surprise with us. There he stands, his eyes visibly popping, his face pouched in woe, looking like a blend of Fish Footman and Frog Footman. His voice sighs huskily and incredulously as he communes with himself, and with us, on the remarkable things that can go on in a man's own house and in front of his own window. When he appears with a casque on his head, and a sword in his hand, we feel that the only possible phrase will be Lear's "I will do such things,—What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be The terrors of the earth." What an actor!

Lately I have looked as startled as Sganarelle when I have been out to Theatre Workshop at Stratford-atte-Bowe (the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15). I remember Shakespearian

nights when one could have staged a mediæval tourney in the stalls without disturbing what spectators there were; and I watched a performance of O'Casey's "Red Roses for Me" from the awful emptiness of the dress circle. But now there are excitements at Stratford-atte-Bowe: queues for the box-office, and a crammed house. In fact, to quote the incredible title of the present piece, "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be" (hereafter referred to as "Fings Ain't").

When I was going down that oddly prim street to the District Line after the première, I heard a man, coming up against the stream of walkers, say to his companion: "Still plenty of theatre-goers here!" I guessed that he had been observing on the previous night the televised "Panorama" feature about the end of the Palace, Plymouth. (George Scott managed this with tact and sympathy, and I wish only that we had heard something of Plymouth's great theatrical past; there have been local problems here. The Palace, as I remember it, was never especially important.) However, back to Stratford-atte-Bowe. Much of the change there has been due to the plays by Brendan Behan and Shelagh Delaney. It is the thing now to go to Stratford, and that is a reward to Joan Littlewood and her company for steady pioneering. One may often have differed from them violently, and may differ again; but there has been gallantry in their dedicated resolution. "A Taste of Honey" is a talking-point in the West End. It was amusing to see its dramatist, Shelagh Delaney, bob on and off the stage in a tiny part during "Fings Ain't": she is not an actress yet.

"Fings Ain't" may be translated one day into English (perhaps by Miles Malleeson). It is couched in mid-Soho, back-alley, slang, often curiously fascinating, now and then unintelligible. The author, Frank Norman, apparently understands his Soho, and he and the composer (Lionel Bart) have had a good deal of fun—occasionally esoteric—in their go-as-you-please, not very uplifting musical smash-and-grab. It is comic, sentimental, melodramatic, sprawling, and just



A SCENE FROM "SGANARELLE," MOLIÈRE'S DELIGHTFUL LITTLE COMEDY OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, WHICH IS PRESENTED WITH "TARTUFFE" AT THE OLD VIC UNTIL MARCH 14. ("MACBETH" IS ALSO INCLUDED IN THE PRESENT SEASON.)

From left to right in the photograph are Sganarelle (Miles Malleeson, in whose adaptation both plays are performed), the Nurse (Rosalind Atkinson), Lelie (Barry Ingham) and Celie (Christine Finn). (First night, February 11.)

and it is a particular pleasure to meet it in the free version by Miles Malleeson.

There must always be argument about a translator's problem, and many of us have our favourite set of exhibits that we snatch any chance to display. Mine includes this version of the famous lines from the "Rubá'iyát":

So long as I possess two maunds of wine,
Bread of the flower of wheat, and mutton chine,
And you, O Tulip cheeks, to share my hut,
Not every Sultan's lot can vie with mine

and, from the end of the third act of "Hedda Gabler," the burning of the manuscript:

"It's now I am burning thy bairn, Thea! Thou with the curls! The bairn that is thine and his! I'm burning it—I'm burning the bairn now!"

One of our old translations of Molière is just as alarming as these: an eighteenth-century effort that, faithful to the sense of the dramatist, is curiously flat to read, and (though I have not heard it spoken) as awkward, I imagine, on the tongue. Now Miles Malleeson is, first of all, a man of the theatre. So was Molière. I don't think the great dramatist would have girded at Malleeson's skill in rendering the text freely, simply, and effectively for the purposes of the theatre. Let me take one snatch. Here, in the eighteenth-century translation, Tartuffe speaks in the scene with Elmire:

At first I was under apprehensions lest this secret flame might be a dexterous surprise of the foul fiend; and my heart ever resolved to avoid your eyes, believing you an obstacle to my future happiness. But at length I perceived, most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blameable.

Malleeson renders it:

At first I thought this might be a subtle temptation of the Devil. I prayed; I fasted; I did many penances. And the greatest penance of all: I made up my mind to avoid you, fearing that you, even you, might be a stumbling-block to salvation. Then, on my knees, I learned that this love was not evil but good.

To-day's theatre must hold that the first version is for the page, the second for the stage.



THE FIRST-EVER PROFESSIONAL THEATRE PRODUCTION IN BRITAIN OF A DVORAK OPERA—THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA COMPANY'S "RUSSALKA," WHICH HAD ITS OPENING PERFORMANCE AT SADLER'S WELLS ON FEB. 18: A SCENE WITH RUSSALKA (JOAN HAMMOND) AND THE PRINCE (CHARLES CRAIG). (THE OPERA IS NOT DISCUSSED BY JOHN TREWIN.)

the fang (in a typical Littlewood production) for Theatre Workshop, E.15. There are amusing performances by such people as Howard Goorney, ever one of the most likeably versatile of comedians; Ann Beach (Irish street-walker), Edward Caddick (old lag), and Richard Harris (one kind of policeman). Supporters of an older style of musical play will say loudly and clearly that fings ain't wot they used t'be (though they may not put it like that). This is a highly "contemporary" affair without ideas above its station. Or, as the student rendered it in the Rattigan farce—and Miss Delaney can turn her back here—"des idées au-dessus de sa gare."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BLUE MAGIC" (Prince of Wales's).—Revue, with Shirley Bassey, Archie Robbins and Tommy Cooper. (February 19.)

CONNIE FRANCIS AND VARIETY (Palace).—The first of Bernard Delfont's variety programmes. (February 25.)

"OPERATION NOAH": RESCUING WILD ANIMALS MAROONED AT KARIBA DAM.



AN ENGAGEMENT IN "OPERATION NOAH": A SOUTHERN RHODESIAN GAME RANGER AND A BIOLOGIST ENTERING THE KARIBA WATERS TO RESCUE A PORCUPINE.



A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FOR A GOVERNMENT GAME BIOLOGIST, MR. F. JUNOR: CAPTURING A DEADLY BLACK MAMBA IN THE BRANCHES OF A FLOODED TREE.



THE CHIEF GAME RANGER, MR. RUPERT FOTHERGILL, FEEDING A BABY BABOON WITH WEAK TEA. THE LITTLE BABOON HAD BEEN ORPHANED BY THE FLOODING.



AN AFRICAN TRACKER, ONE OF THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN RANGER STAFF, WITH TWO YOUNG GRYSBOK WHICH HAD BEEN RESCUED FROM AN ISLAND.



AFTER THEY HAD BEEN RESCUED FROM AN ISLAND ON WHICH THEY WERE MAROONED: YOUNG GRYSBOK BEING RELEASED TO FREEDOM ON DRY LAND.



THE CLASSIC GESTURE OF RESCUE: AN AFRICAN TRACKER, WET FROM THE LAKE, CARRIES A GRYSBOK TO SAFETY.

In mid-February, an appeal was made in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, for fit volunteers who owned or could handle small boats to come forward and assist in "Operation Noah" or a "Dunkirk of the animals." It had become clear that many thousands of animals had been trapped in treetops and on newly-made islands by the rapidly-rising waters behind the Kariba Dam. The rescue force on the Southern Rhodesian bank, three rangers and eight

African trackers, who are their assistants, had been working continuously but had proved too small and insufficiently equipped to deal with what is a very large, very difficult and very dangerous task. It has been suggested that guns firing dart-shaped pellets filled with nicotine sulphate should be used (in the manner of South American blowpipes) to anaesthetise the larger animals, but it is doubtful whether this can be done in time.

IS it entirely by accident that British publishers have lately been re-introducing us to so many of the great figures of the French nineteenth century? Within three weeks, if my memory serves, I have successively commented on books about the Prince Imperial, Bizet and Balzac—and now I am about to turn to Frédéric Lemaître. If this is a new fashion, I am at a loss to explain it. Most of these books must have been in hand long before President de Gaulle succeeded in creating a Fifth Republic—and in any case they portray characters which, for one reason or another, that ascetic patriot could hardly be expected to regard with unstinted approval. Lemaître, for instance, joined Napoleon's army during the Hundred Days, at the age of fifteen, but ran away before Waterloo, because his feet hurt! Indeed, most of his early life was spent in running away, first from school (which was high-spirited enough), and then from home, on various unlikely pretexts. However, he found his *métier* on the stage, and lived to become a worthy successor to Talma. His first stage part was unpromising. He was dressed up as a lion, and had nothing to do but roar. There have, I suppose, been less promising débuts—he never played either the front or the back legs of a pantomime horse—and at the height of his career he was almost as well appreciated in London as in Paris. All this is well told by Mr. Robert Baldick in *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE*. Among the great actor's critics was Queen Victoria, who was delighted with his "beautiful acting in Don César de Bazan . . . full of noble and generous feelings." Later, alas! Her Majesty saw him in "Ruy Blas," and confessed that she was "not edified. . . . The hero was very badly acted by Lemaître, who besides being very old, without a tooth in his head, which rendered him scarcely intelligible, and with a cracked voice, is devoid of all dignity." This severity was no doubt elicited by the fact that the play was "really of the worst tendency, placing the unfortunate Queen of Spain in the most humiliating position imaginable." Lemaître himself was a full-blooded personality, with a capacity for consuming twenty-five bottles of claret a week. As Mr. Baldick says, "the theatre gave him brief moments of glory and long periods of fatigue and disappointment. Like a ruthless mistress, it treated him cruelly and despotically." I found this book well worth reading—but I warn everyone concerned that, if many more such come my way, I shall become an expert on the period, and therefore a potential bore.

Quite different reflections arose in my mind when I had finished *PETER THE GREAT*, by Vasili Klyuchevsky. This, you will remember, was the Tsar who endeared himself to us during our childhood's struggles with European history by having had the good sense to come to England incognito and work as a carpenter in the Greenwich shipyards. It didn't happen quite like that, but the story is substantially true. Peter the Great was noted for his reforms. The author quotes Soloviev's view that these reforms achieved: "(i) the transformation of a weak, impoverished, and almost unknown nation, into a potentially formidable power; and (ii) the union of the two halves of Europe, the West and the East, by the integration into the European system of the Slavic race, which, represented by the Russian nation, finally began to share in the general life of Europe." What sombre overtones are now conveyed by these two simple statements!

Both these books can be read objectively, for pleasure or for instruction, but I will challenge any reader to take up *TO BE YOUNG*, by Mary Lutyens, without being overcome by the pathos of so naive an essay in autobiography. Miss Lutyens is the daughter of the famous architect, Sir Edwin, and of his wife Lady Emily. The latter became deeply involved in theosophy, and took under her wing the two young Indian exponents of this art—or should it be called a system?—Krishnamurti and his brother Nityananda. This led, for Mary, to a double involvement, in esoteric doctrine and in love for "Nitya." She writes of both with simplicity and with bewilderment. Such artlessness touches the heart and antagonises the mind. Never again shall I be able to laugh at that splendid little satire: "My love is a theosophist."

After that, I found no antidote so good as Mr. Angus Wilson's far from artless novel, *THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT*. Meg Eliot's husband is shot at a Far Eastern airport soon after they had both set off on a world tour. Meanwhile her brother is heart-wrung by the approaching death of his partner in a nursery-garden business—a friend with whom he had what my housemaster at school would have called "unhealthy" relations. The manner in which both brother and

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

sister grope their way back to a life which makes some sort of sense is most skilfully worked out. (Will someone please tell me why this novel kept on reminding me of Maurice Baring's "Cat's Cradle"? Superficially, there seems to be no connection whatever, and I am irked by my inability to explain so elusive a parallel.)

Having castigated American writers for their tendency to pointless diffusion, I welcome a

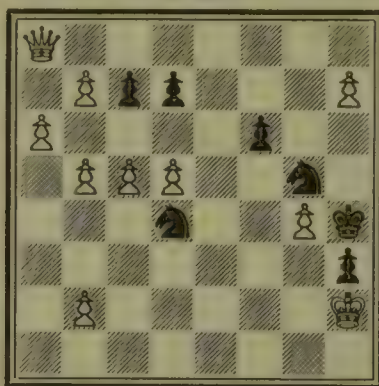
CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EVERY now and again, Continental chess magazines feature some story of the Baron Munchausen type, based on some composed or imagined position of the most fantastic nature. I often wonder to what extent this type of humour would appeal to Anglo-Saxon audiences. On the Continent, they love it!

A characteristic example appeared recently in the Berlin fortnightly *Schach*. A match between the mythical "Neunmalklug" and "Schlauberger" produced, at one stage, the following position:

Black.



White.

(Well may you blink!) Far from being completely lost, Black has a powerful continuation at his disposal:

1. . . . Kt(Q5)-B6ch
2. K-R1 Kt-K5

Threatening mate next move by either 3. . . . Kt-B7 or 3. . . . Kt-Kt6.

3. P-R8(Q)ch K-Kt6
4. Q x RPch K x Q
5. Q-KR8ch K-Kt6

Again threatening mate: what is White to do now?

6. Q-R2ch Kt x Q
7. P-Kt8(Q) Kt-KB6

Once again threatening mate; but now . . .

8. Q x Pch K-R6
9. Q-KR2ch Kt x Q
10. K-Kt1 K-Kt6

This is a little more involved. Black can again construct a "mating net" but it takes him four moves—namely . . . Kt-Q7, . . . Kt(R7)-B6ch, . . . Kt-K5 and . . . Kt-B7. Which just gives White time for another queen sacrifice:

11. P-Kt6 Kt-Q7
12. P-Kt7 Kt(R7)-B6ch
13. K-R1 Kt-K5
14. P-Kt8(Q)ch P-Q3

14. . . . K-R6; 15. Q-KR8ch, K-Kt6; 16. Q-QKt8ch would be perpetual check. By 14. . . . P-Q3, Black cunningly tries to evade this.

15. Q x Pch K-R6
16. Q-R2ch Kt x Q
17. K-Kt1 K-Kt6
18. P-R7 Kt-Q7

Stop me if you think you've heard this one before.

19. P-R8(Q) Kt(R7)-B6ch
20. K-R1 Kt-K5
21. Q-QKt8ch K-R6
22. Q-KR8ch K-Kt6

and now it really is a draw. . . . "As I clearly foresaw when you played your 1. . . . Kt(Q5)-B6ch," claims Schlauberger.

I'll give a small prize to any reader of these Notes who can persuade a chess-playing friend that all this really happened.

short novel by Julia Siebel, *THE NARROW COVERING*, which tells a homely story of life in a small Kansas town. The author's quiet, domestic manner makes her two suicides resound like atomic explosions. Often the simplest themes are the most difficult to handle. Having totally failed to grasp the meaning of the first of thirteen short stories in Mr. H. E. Bates's *THE WATERCRESS GIRL*, I was agreeably surprised to find myself enjoying the rest. Do not be put off by a hint in the blurb that the world and its complexities are seen, in this as in some of the author's earlier works, "with crystalline purity through the eyes of children." Mr. Bates knows well enough that children, if they are young enough, regard the

complexities of grown-ups as incomprehensible and irrelevant nonsense—and who shall say they are wrong? Certainly not Mr. Bates.

This week I have had the unusual privilege of reading a first effort in crime fiction, *DEATH OF A SPINSTER*, by Frances

Duncombe. Here again the setting is an American town, and the plot involves a scandal 200 years old. Full marks to Miss Duncombe—and a special prize for creating a "detective" out of a female anthropologist (and three months pregnant at that!). Another prize goes to Alexander Baird, author of *THE UNIQUE SENSATION*, for giving the old theme of the motiveless murder a new twist by leaving the murderer's fate in doubt. As to *THE TORTOISES*, by Loys Masson, I can only say that my hair would have stood more convincingly on end if I had found the narrator's phobia of tortoises anything but slightly absurd. The French original was highly praised by British critics. While I can just assent to the Coleridge touch in this nightmare voyage of a semi-pirate ship, with an outbreak of small-pox, a murder, a fire—and, of course, a cargo of tortoises—I am afraid that my sympathies were all with the poor tortoises, who perished in the fire. (If M. Masson had wished us to take these creatures seriously as symbols of horror, he should have been less voluble about their amatory technique, about which Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," was much more delicately informative. (Do you recall the adjective "complacent"?)

From fiction, I returned to contemporary life by an unexpected route. Sir Osbert Sitwell rightly regards the fairy tale as "an abstract art, stylised and meticulous, and also a sort of technical exercise" which can be used to comment on the world we live in. The question is whether, in *FEE FI FO FUM!*, he has quite succeeded in using it thus to the best advantage. Everything that Sir Osbert writes is distinguished, and I therefore feel justified in judging his work by the highest of all standards: that which he sets himself. There are plenty of excellent quips and much brilliant contrivance in his new versions of *Cinderella*, *Bluebeard*, *Dick Whittington*, and the rest. (I particularly liked *Cinderella's* good fairy godmother, with her dreary psychiatric admonitions, and the Inland Revenue's persecution of *Bluebeard's* surviving wife—who, of course, inherited the estates of all his victims). But in spite of that brilliantly funny book of twenty-five years ago, "Miracle on Sinai," I could not help feeling that Sir Osbert is too graceful to be an ideal satirist. There is too much oil—of the finest quality—and too little vinegar in his salad dressing.

The ice-and-snow boom started by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary is still with us. Dr. Leslie H. Neatby has written *IN QUEST OF THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE*, an account of the work of explorers in those regions which ranges over four centuries, from Frobisher to McClintock. Sir John Franklin is the real hero who must be credited with the discovery of the Passage. Dr. Neatby's style is more historical and scientific than dramatic, and none the worse for that.

I was glad to find William Cobbett's *RURAL RIDES* re-published in the Macdonald Illustrated Classics series, with a really good introduction by E. W. Martin. Cobbett was, as Mr. Martin says, both a Tory and a Radical, so that "inaction resulted and a just cause [that of the agricultural labourer] was left unrepresented in the active sense." But he wrote magnificently, like an angry, left-wing edition of Queen Victoria—capital letters, underlinings, exclamation marks, and all. How right he was in his denunciation of the industrial *THING* set up in the *WENS*!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE*, by Robert Baldick. (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.)
PETER THE GREAT, by Vasili Klyuchevsky. (Macmillan; 36s.)
TO BE YOUNG, by Mary Lutyens. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 25s.)
THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT, by Angus Wilson. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)
THE NARROW COVERING, by Julia Siebel. (André Deutsch; 15s.)
THE WATERCRESS GIRL, by H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.)
DEATH OF A SPINSTER, by Frances Duncombe. (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.)
THE UNIQUE SENSATION, by Alexander Baird. (Heinemann; 15s.)
THE TORTOISES, by Loys Masson. (Chatto and Windus; 16s.)
FEE FI FO FUM! by Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillan; 15s.)
IN QUEST OF THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE, by Leslie H. Neatby. (Constable; 21s.)
RURAL RIDES, by William Cobbett. (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.)



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXV. ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



A VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S—THE SCHOOL MOVED FROM ITS SITE NEAR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL TO WEST KENSINGTON IN 1884.

St. Paul's School was founded in the year 1509 by John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and for over 300 years was situated close to the Cathedral. An ancient grammar school had previously existed for many centuries in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral, and this was probably amalgamated by Dean Colet with his new foundation. Colet was a freeman of the Mercers' Company and appointed "the most honest and faithfull fellowship of the Mercers of London" as school Governors. (The Governing Body now also includes nine University

Governors—three each from London, Oxford and Cambridge.) In endowing the school, Colet spent much of his wealth, and he also obtained from Henry VIII letters patent enabling the Mercers' Company to acquire lands for the better support of one master and of either one or two assistants. In Colet's statutes, still preserved at Mercer's Hall, it is laid down that the number of pupils, "of all Nations and Countres," should be 153, perhaps because this was the number of the miraculous draught of fishes.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



IN THE ART SCHOOL: PAINTING POSTERS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. BURN, THE ART MASTER.



A SCENE OF CONCENTRATION: A VIEW IN THE LABORATORIES DURING A BIOLOGY LESSON, IN WHICH SLIDES ARE BEING PREPARED FOR THE MICROSCOPE.



PREFECTS—PRIVILEGED TO CARRY UMBRELLAS—IN FRONT OF HAMO THORNEYCROFT'S BRONZE STATUE OF THE FOUNDER.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL: VIEWS AT A FAMOUS LONDON PUBLIC SCHOOL, FOUNDED BY DEAN COLET IN 1509.



IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES: A SIXTH FORM CHEMISTRY LESSON BEING TAKEN BY MR. LANSLOWNE.



IN THE PREFECTS' ROOM. TWO OF THE BOYS CAN BE SEEN WEARING IN THEIR LAPELS THE FOUNDATION SCHOLARS' SILVER FISH EMBLEM.



THE UNION, FOUNDED IN 1853 AND ONE OF THE OLDEST OF SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETIES. AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE IS THE PRESIDENT, E. S. WOODWARD.

DEAN COLET'S intention concerning the number of pupils at St. Paul's is commemorated to-day by the silver fish emblems worn by the 153 Foundation Scholars, although the total number of boys, together with those at St. Paul's Junior School, greatly exceeds this figure. At the time of its foundation, the school must have been considered progressive, and the statutes drawn up by the learned Dean Colet, who was a friend of Erasmus, were copied by many other schools in England. Latin was one of the principal subjects to be taught and the High Master was required to be "whole in body, honeste and vertuous and leamyd in good and clete laten litterature and also in greke yf suche may be gotten." The first High Master, chosen by Colet himself, was William Lily, a well-known classical scholar

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London



A CROWDED SCENE IN THE DINING HALL AT LUNCH TIME: A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE HIGH TABLE.



A GAME OF BILLIARDS AND AN ILL-GOTTEN PRIZE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE RECREATION ROOM.



THE HIGH MASTER (BACKGROUND) TAKING A DIVINITY CLASS. THE PORTRAITS ARE OF MARLBOROUGH AND LORD MONTGOMERY, TWO FAMOUS OLD PAULINE SOLDIERS.

and author of a famous Latin grammar, and under him the school rapidly won a very high reputation for the teaching of Latin. Colet's choice for the first High Master was also notable in that Lily was a layman and was married. St. Paul's was one of the first schools to include Greek in the curriculum, and by the end of the seventeenth century was spoken of as "the chiefest nursery in the City for learning and manners." Hebrew and Arabic were taught from an early date, but modern subjects were long neglected, as in all schools, and it was not until the middle of the last century that mathematics was taught seriously. Now, seventy per cent. of the senior boys study science. (Mr. F. R. Salter's history of St. Paul's since 1909 is to be published by Arthur Barker Ltd. later this year.)

News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



GEOLOGY: MR. PIRKIS TEACHING A CLASS WITH THE AID OF AN ASSORTMENT OF GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.



A FAMILIAR SCHOOL SCENE: BOYS CROWDING ROUND THE WELL-STOCKED COUNTER IN THE TUCK SHOP.



THE HIGH MASTER, MR. A. N. GILKES, LEFT, WHO TOOK UP HIS APPOINTMENT IN 1954, WITH THE SURMASTER, MR. A. B. COOK.



THE HIGH MASTER, WHO IS SEEN TO THE RIGHT OF THE DAIS, TAKING MORNING PRAYERS IN THE HALL.



MORNING PRAYERS: ANOTHER SCENE, LOOKING INTO THE HALL FROM THE DAIS DURING THE DAILY SERVICE.



THE HIGH MASTER TALKING TO THE HEAD BOY, P. P. McCOWEN, AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL.

St. Paul's suffered its first major setback when the school building was destroyed in the Great Fire. In the eighteenth century, after the school had been rebuilt, its reputation declined, until in 1748 a new High Master, George Thicknesse, who has been described as the second founder, was appointed. In 1884, under the High Mastership of Dr. F. W. Walker, the school moved to West Kensington, the present buildings having been designed by Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A. During the Second World War, St. Paul's was evacuated

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

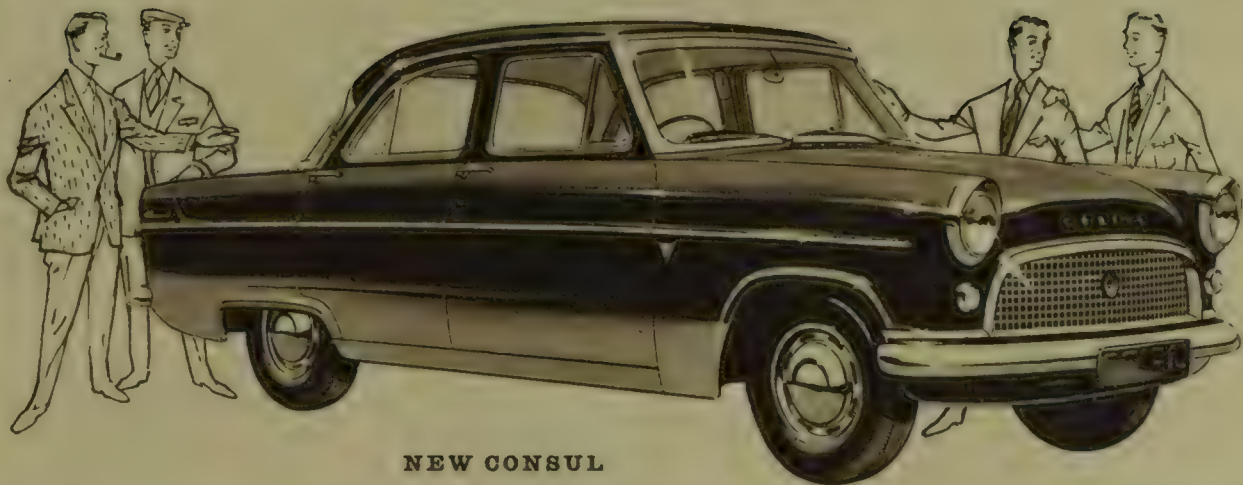


A PAUSE BETWEEN CLASSES: BOYS GOING TO THEIR LOCKERS AND CHATTING IN THE LONG CORRIDOR.

to Crowthorne, Berkshire, the home of Wellington College, and it was in one of the schoolrooms in West Kensington that Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, himself an Old Pauline, established his headquarters in preparation for the liberation of Europe. Among other famous men who were educated at St. Paul's are Milton and Samuel Pepys, the astronomer Halley, and Dr. Jowett, the noted Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Another noted Old Pauline, G. K. Chesterton, contributed for many years to *The Illustrated London News*.

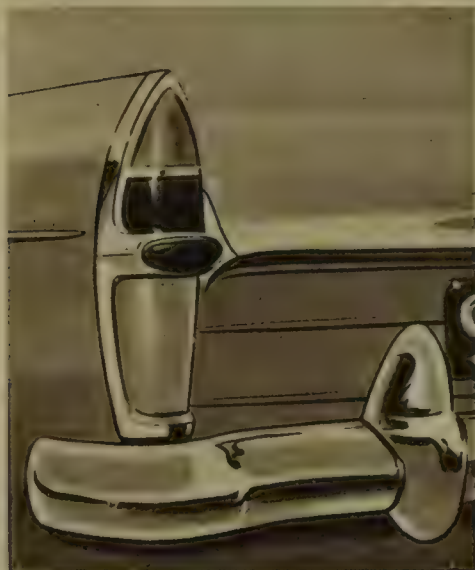


New facia New elegant instrument panel with smart-and-practical 'squared' speedometer, new shrouded steering column and gear-change control, new turn-and-twist handbrake, new safety-padded upper panel and sun visors.

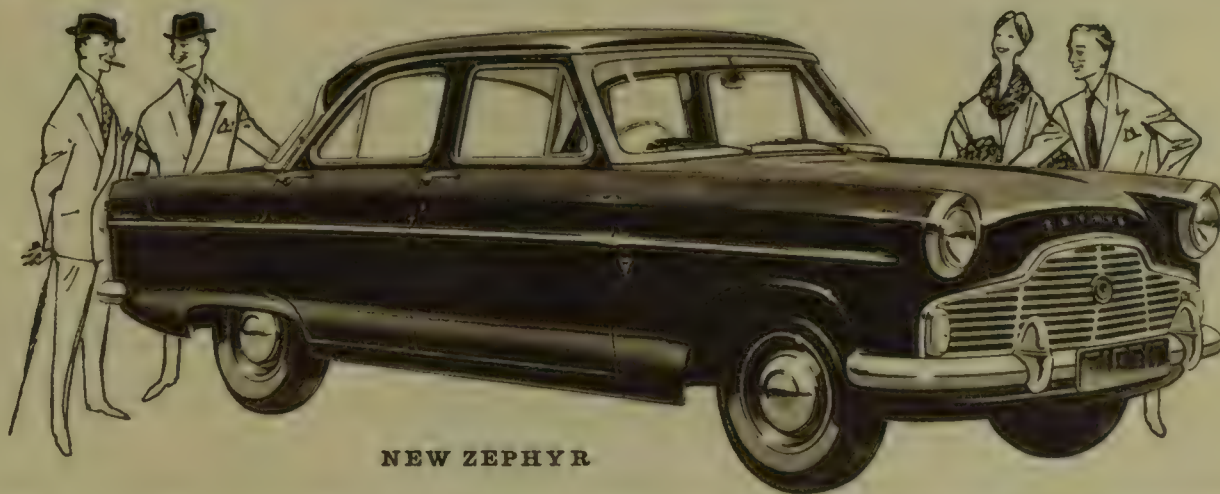


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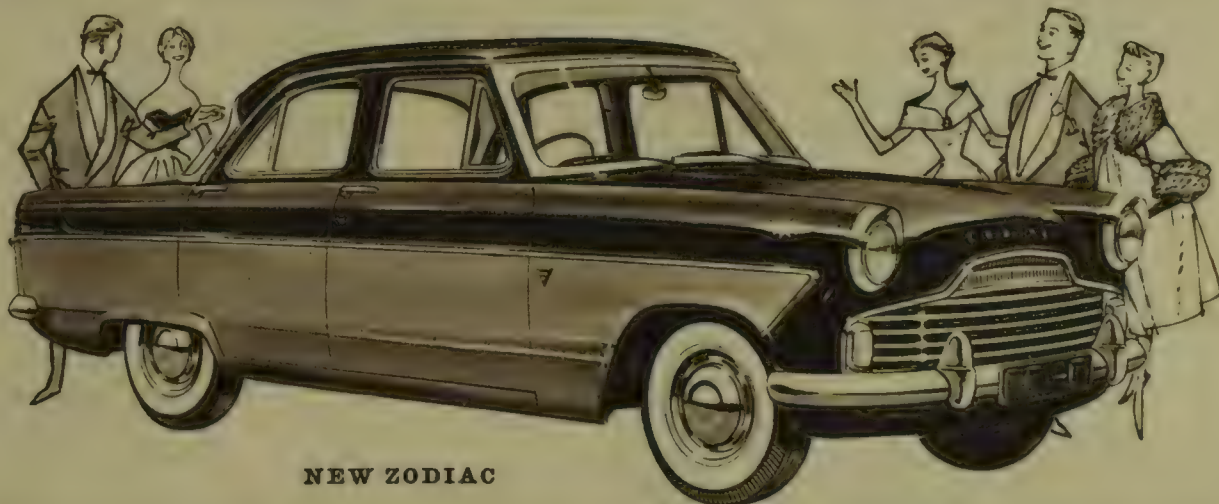


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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

IT is noticeable and rather depressing how few really good Impressionist pictures now turn up in London galleries. Occasionally they appear in salerooms and fetch giddy prices, but their value has rocketed so high that most of them are by now safely tucked away in public galleries or wealthy private collections. The Lefevre and Redfern Galleries have recently had a few on view, but they have either been well-known or rather minor works. And minor Impressionist paintings can be very minor indeed.

In a less hectic market, some very fine Old Masters have been on view in the past month or two. The annual exhibition of water-colours and drawings at Agnew's has been exceptionally varied and interesting. Several Turners, a large number of small de Wints and some fascinating early nineteenth-century scenes of Russia by Vickers have been outstanding. By contrast a huge and almost unknown painting by Tintoretto was on view in the same gallery for a short while before it crossed the Atlantic. In the smaller galleries some notable paintings by Dutch and Flemish Masters have been on show at Alfred Brod and the Leger Gallery. Both exhibitions were given added quality by the inclusion of several works by that mellow and prolific Dutch Master, Jan van Goyen.

It is proving a good season for French Barbizon landscapes. There are, of course, a great number of these in existence, and it is often interesting to peer at the dates of a few of them and to notice how faithful the followers of this School were to their Masters, quite some

time after the advent of Impressionism. Also, it is remarkable how few really bad paintings the Barbizon School produced—to use the word "Barbizon" rather loosely. With their somewhat limited ambitions they seemed to avoid the worst errors in composition and colour which at times affected the Impressionists. This pervading quality of good taste is very conspicuous in the current exhibition at H. Terry-Engell, which consists mainly of works by minor Barbizon painters. At G. M. Loting there are a number of other paintings of this period, including a radiant little landscape by Charles Daubigny, while yet others were included in a recent sale at Christie's.

There has been a quantity of startling modern paintings, including the first important exhibition in Europe of works by Jackson Pollock, at the Whitechapel Gallery. The Beaux Arts Gallery is now showing the gargantuan canvases of a more recent *enfant terrible*, John Bratby. At the Waddington Galleries Peter de Francia's shrieking melodrama, "The Massacre at Sakiet," has happily been replaced by recent works by Henri Hayden.

In other fields, Sotheby's held an unusual sale in January of Oriental Manuscripts, which included an album of Mughal Miniatures once presented to Clive of India. In silver, at How's there is a particularly fine fifteenth-century Hungarian gilt dish, and—for collectors of quaint things—a skull pomander, and a lady's snuff mull from Scotland.

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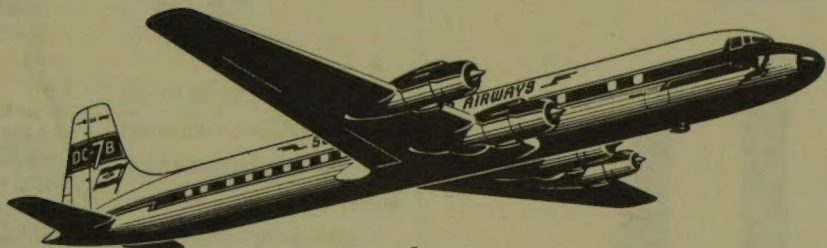
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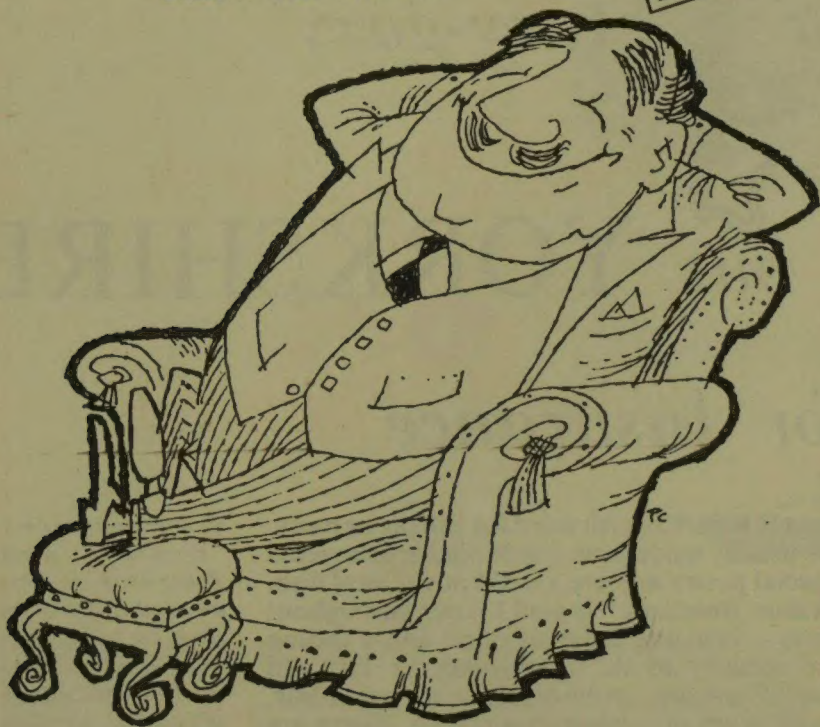
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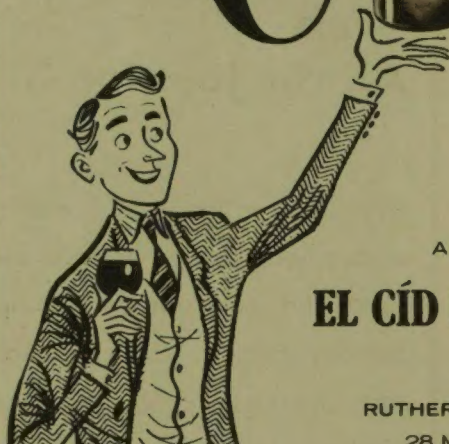
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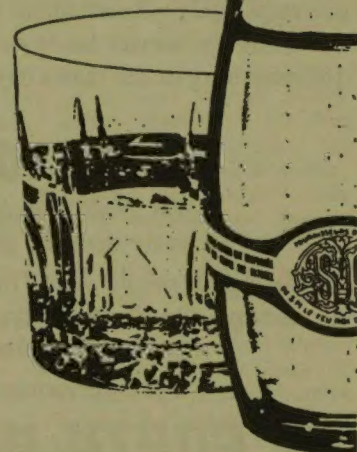
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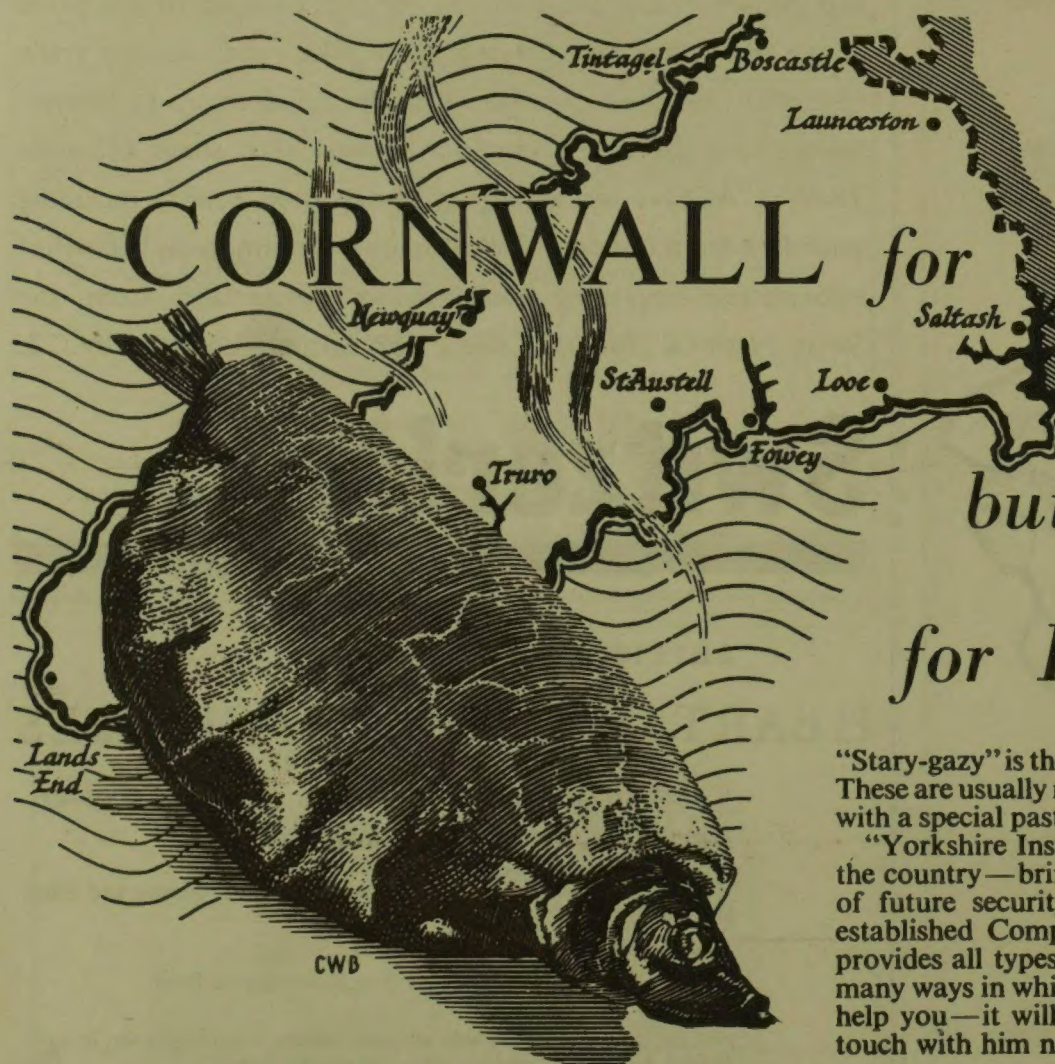
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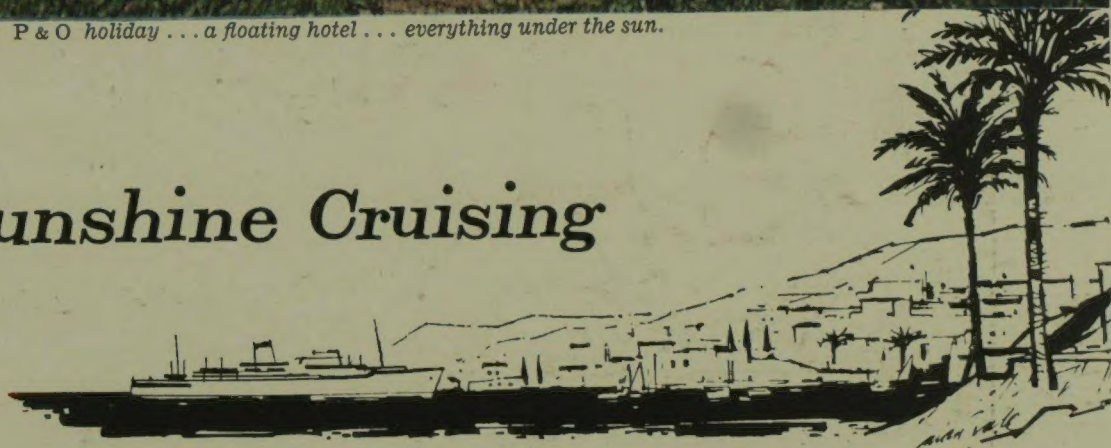
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